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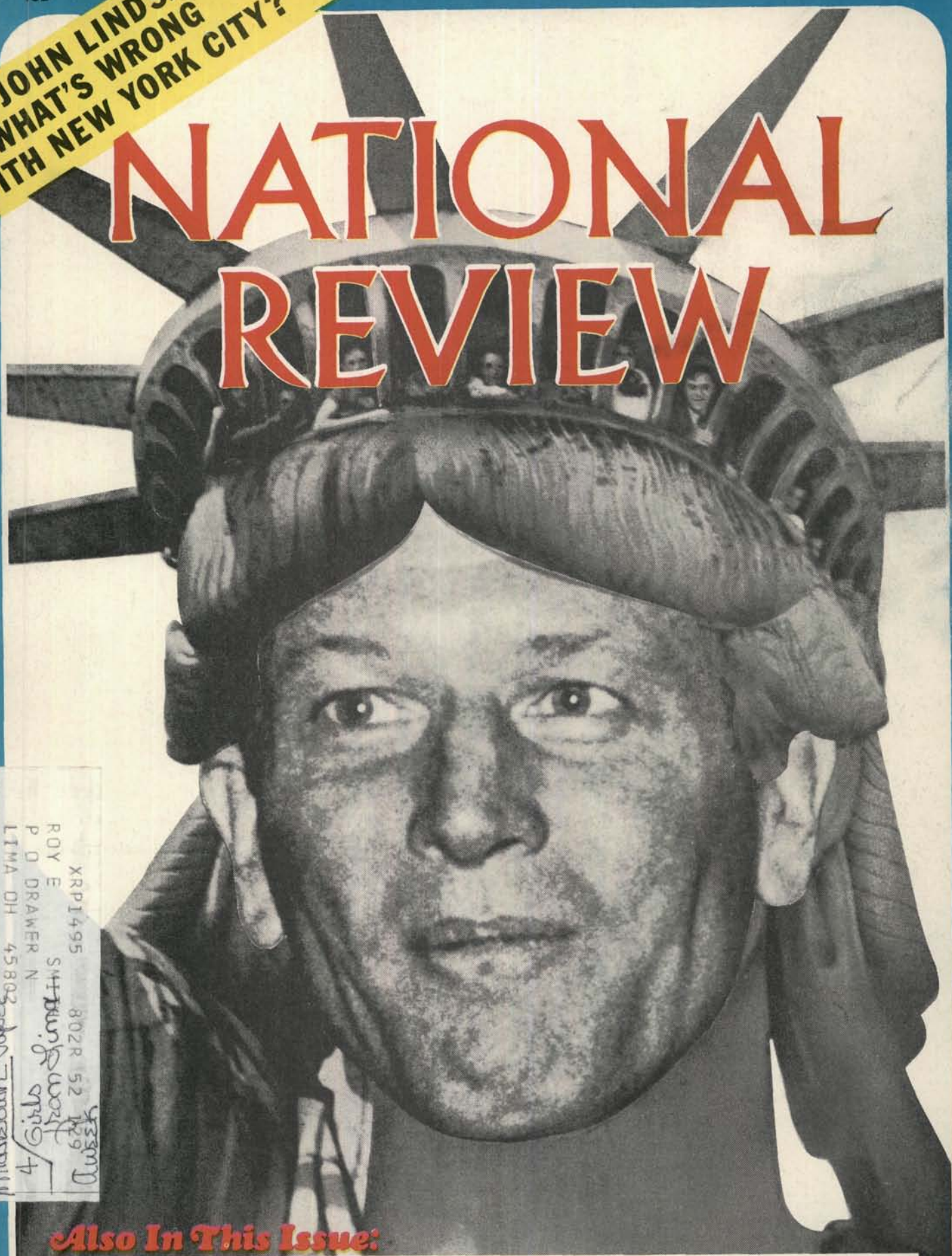
JUNE 17, 1969

JOHN LINDSAY
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH NEW YORK CITY?

NATIONAL REVIEW



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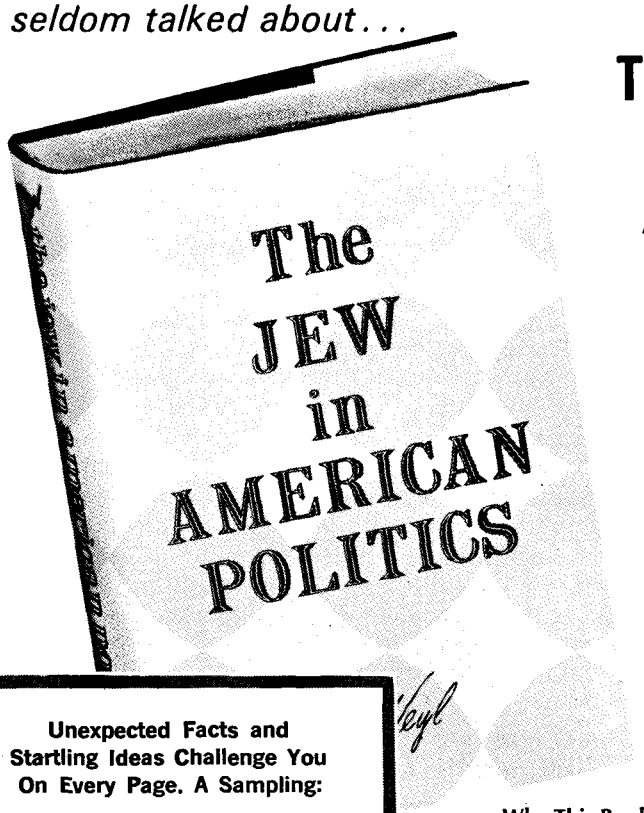

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AMERICAN JEWS, says Nathaniel Weyl in this trailblazing book, are a political enigma. Here, in the most privileged country the world has ever known, Jews occupy a uniquely privileged niche. They are an elite within an elite. Weyl cites an abundance of figures that bear out what is generally known. Proportionately, affluent Jewish families outnumber affluent Christian families nearly four to one. Jews make up 3.5% of the population but earn 10% of the total personal income, number 20% of American millionaires. The figures are equally impressive in terms of higher education, percentage of scientists and professionals, artists and writers.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ As of June 1, New York bookies—a savvy crowd—were refusing to give odds on the Republican primary contest between Mayor **John Lindsay** (liberal) and N.Y. State Senator **John Marchi** (conservative). . . . Most commentators see bad news for Lindsay in the surprise victory in Los Angeles of **Sam Yorty** over **Thomas Bradley**. . . . Not much publicized: three firebombs were thrown at the home of Ethel Bryant, Yorty's executive secretary, a week before the L.A. election. . . . A sure winner in the multi-candidate New York mayoralty primaries: **Norman Mailer**. He's gotten a $20,000 advance from Doubleday for a book to come out in August entitled **Running Against the Machine**, which may mean a slight delay in his book on the moon landing (for which he has gotten a $1-million advance, according to his agent).

■ Liberals at work: A group of hard leftists (**Jack Newfield**, **Jules Feiffer**, **Allen Ginsburg**, **David Dellinger** among them) indicating their "shock and horror" at the League for Industrial Democracy for presenting its annual award to **Hubert Horatio Humphrey** who, say the protestors, "defended Boss **Daley** and the police riots in Chicago" (down the drain the rest of Humphrey's liberal record). . . . **Joseph Rauh**, for the National ADA, protesting the **Otto Otepka** appointment to the Subversive Activities Control Board and urging the Senate not to confirm him although the Senate Judiciary Committee praised Otepka as "a fine example of the best type of career civil servant." . . . The Detroit ADA has given its special award of the year to **George Crockett**, the Negro judge who dismissed the case against 142 persons picked up in a Detroit shoot-out in which one policeman was killed and another one wounded. Crockett, incidentally, is emerging as a New Left hero. . . . Two-thirds of the graduating class at Brown turned its back last week when Presidential adviser **Henry Kissinger** received an honorary degree to protest "the policies that he represents." . . . **George McGovern**, who is doing his demagogic best to make sure **Teddy** doesn't walk away with the nomination, will introduce a bill to raise taxes on corporations' profits to 85 per cent (depending on the size of the corporation) which he is hustling as an "excess war profits tax."

■ Conservatives at work: both Houses of the New Jersey legislature have passed resolutions commending the **New Jersey Coalition for a Peaceful Campus**. The peaceful campus movement, a YAF, Young Republican and Young Democrat coalition, passes out light blue buttons (with no inscriptions)

Jon, *Daily Mail* Ben Roth Agency

"Nothing to worry about . . . Only a small minority is radical."

to be worn by students who oppose campus disorder. Movement already big on California's troubled campuses, gaining headway across the nation (buttons available from 69 Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Verona, New Jersey). . . . At **MIT**, student moderates have organized a "Committee for Reason on Campus" which rejects all intimidation and coercion. . . . At Hanover, N.H., teenagers drove off **Dartmouth SDSers** last week who were trying to distribute leaflets to students at two public high schools. . . . Buffalo State University is the latest (to this point) to refuse to house the national convention of the SDS which will meet (somewhere, it is supposed) June 16. . . . ISI (**Intercollegiate Studies Institute**) is holding three more of its successful summer schools this year (Rockford, Ill. and Stanford, Cal. August 17-23, and Washington D.C. August 24-30). For information write: ISI, 14 South Bryn Mawr Avenue, Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010).

■ Republican pros in Florida predicting tough renomination battle for Governor **Claude Kirk**. GOP conservatives there resent that he was only member of state's delegation to vote for **Rockefeller** at Miami Beach, are passing out bumper stickers that read: "Bye Bye Kirkefeller." . . . According to the *Guardian*, there's a move on in Florida to tax movies according to their "decency" rating. Films marked X—for adults only—would be slapped with bigger taxes than the Ms and the Gs. . . . According to **National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures** (which succeeded the Legion of Decency) only eleven of the 111 movies released since January 1 have a "suitable for the entire family" rating. . . . One story on **Eldridge Cleaver** says he got to Havana aboard a plane that was hijacked by someone else. Incidentally, the $50,000 Cleaver forfeited by jumping bail had to be paid back the bondsman last week. Cleaver's friends have managed to raise only half that amount.

■ *Guardian Weekly* claims hip New Yorkers find parking spaces these days by following **police tow-away trucks** and slipping into the empty space after the towaway.

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When you invest a billion dollars to help the cities, you learn some things.

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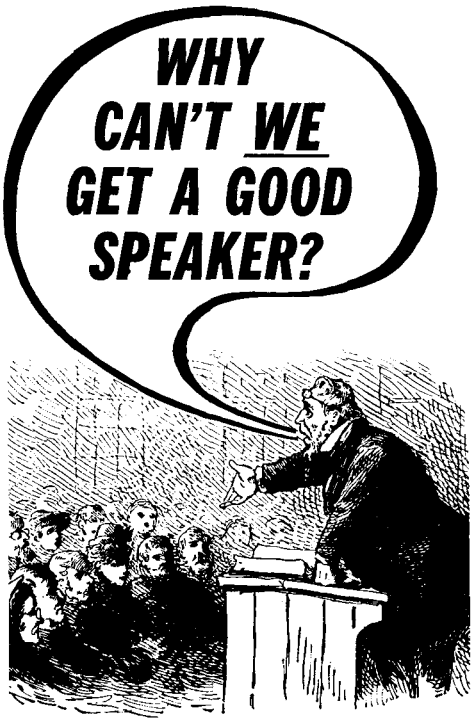

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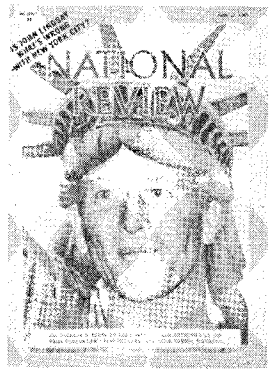
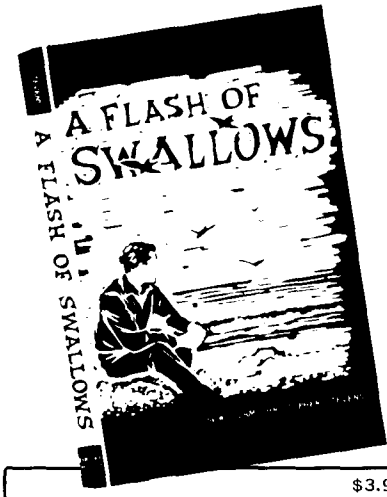
IN THIS ISSUE

■ John Vliet Lindsay is declared a disaster area (*not* eligible for federal aid, or federal anything else) by **John R. Coyne Jr.**, who regrets to inform us that in the Year 4 A.L. New York City is closer than ever to the tar-pit of oblivion—despite which Lindsay is still widely billed as the Great White Hope of liberal Republicanism. But not quite as widely, perhaps, as once he was—it seems even JVL's friends are beginning to wonder. Mr. Coyne is in the vanguard of the middle-class exodus: he resides in Hamden, Connecticut whence he commutes, every day, to share the joys of Lindsay's New York with the rest of us at *NR*. . . . **John Rothchild**, until recently one of their number, understands all about The Students, but doesn't by any means forgive all. Equipped with a fresh Masters degree from Yale, he is now in Ecuador, watching the students. . . . Now, just what happened to all those saints? **Farley Clinton,** our roving hagiologist, explains—and files a special brief for St. Philomena. . . . It's a mutual admiration society between Fidel Castro and Rap-Stokely-Eldridge et al.; but how goes it for the black Cubans? Not well, not well at all, reports **Lewis Stearns**. . . . **Jean Jeffries** lives and studies in Burlington, Vt., and reads other people's mail only when they beg her to, like by publishing it in left-wing magazines.



■ Our reviewers, academics all, have retired to their hammocks for a long summer's reading. First fruits: **Gerhart Niemeyer** (Notre Dame) heartily approves the foreign policy views of Henry Kissinger (Harvard and points south). . . . **Stephen Tonsor** (Michigan) finds a book on the Weimar Republic a bit too academic, but full of Messages for our Time. . . . **Peter P. Witonski** (Oxford) deplores the autobiographical musings of Arnold Toynbee. . . . **Jared C. Lobdell** (Wisconsin) reviews a book about the books of J. R. R. Tolkien (Middle Earth) and reminds us that, dammit, Hobbits are *not* what it's all about. . . . And **Richard Corliss** (Columbia) has been investigating the generation gap, film division.

■ **James Burnham** pursues his modest proposal, offered last issue, that We exchange arms inspectors with Them. . . . **Russell Kirk** pursues his, that we do everything possible to keep our educational options open; he finds conservative merit in an egalitarian proposal. . . . **Nika Standen Hazelton** delights in Belgium, especially Liège whence she is just back. . . . And **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** is just back too—from a long tour of the nation's ghettos (see also *Time,* June 6, and *Newsweek,* June 9); he reports that black is sometimes beautiful, sometimes silly, sometimes scary, always profoundly human.



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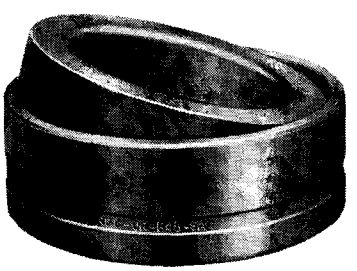

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LETTERS

Beyond Population

Colin Clark overlooks—dismisses, rather—one very important aspect of what it is that makes world powers ["World Power and Population," May 20], that is, the sum total of the economic prowess which can give concrete strength to countries of lesser population. Some very small and seemingly unimportant nations such as Canada, Australia, or Israel will rise to world power status through their clever use of available natural and human resources, favorable trade and payments balances, and a technology so highly sophisticated that it will balance the far-reaching deficits of a too-small population. And how can Mr. Clark, putting population minimums at 100 million for 1970 membership to the World Club, list Japan dead last? And omit Germany entirely? It would be interesting to know how these two, as leading economic powers, would react to being told that within the next two or three years their roles in the world are to be most insignificant.

Convincing as the theory may be, population is not the only index to world power. It may be that a "happy medium" does indeed exist, and that some countries, such as India and China, are in fact overpopulated, this hindering rather than helping their chances at realizing their full potential. Consequently I would prefer to believe that countries with advanced economies and/or technologies, having large manageable populations, will remain in charge for a while to come.

Norfolk, Va. KARL H. HUTZLER

White Mischief . . .

As a student at City College and an observer of most of the happenings there in the past month, I would appreciate the chance to correct some of Prof. Geoffrey Wagner's more blatant distortions and absurdities ["Subway College Strife," June 3].

1) *Observation Post* is described as "one of the college's less legible (and pro-SDS) slander sheets, indirectly funded by the taxpayers. . . ." *OP* is one of several college newspapers, far more literate than the official undergraduate paper, *The Campus*, and it is funded, as are all the college papers, by the general fee paid by all students. Prof. Wagner obviously does not agree with *OP*'s viewpoint, but that does not entitle him to call it a "slander sheet."

2) Prof. Wagner refers to the occupation of South Campus on April 22nd as having been carried out by "*Black Mischief* . . . armed with stout chains." The use of the words "Black Mischief" tells more about Prof. Wagner than it does about the stu-

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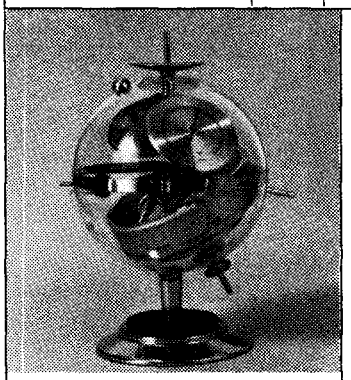

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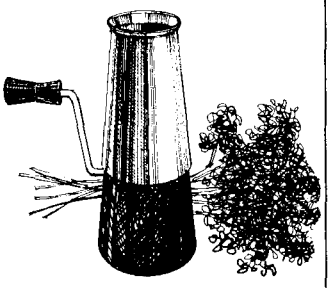

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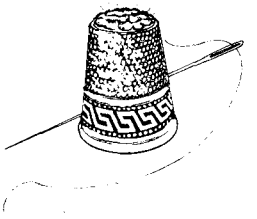

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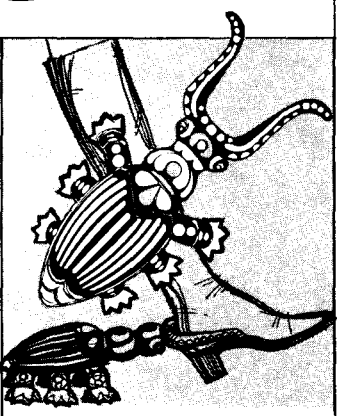

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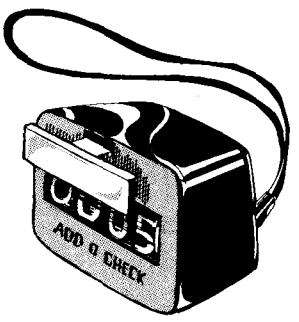

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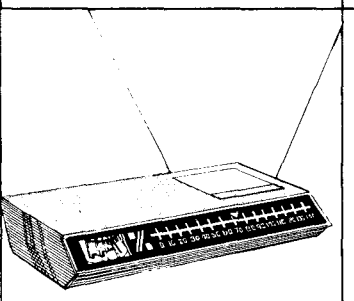

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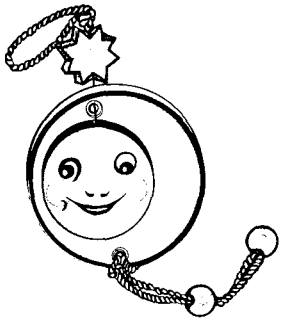

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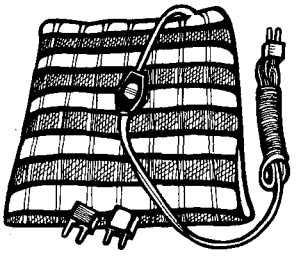

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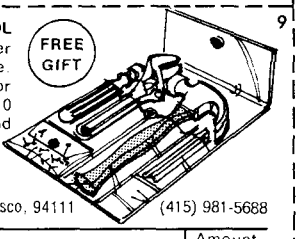

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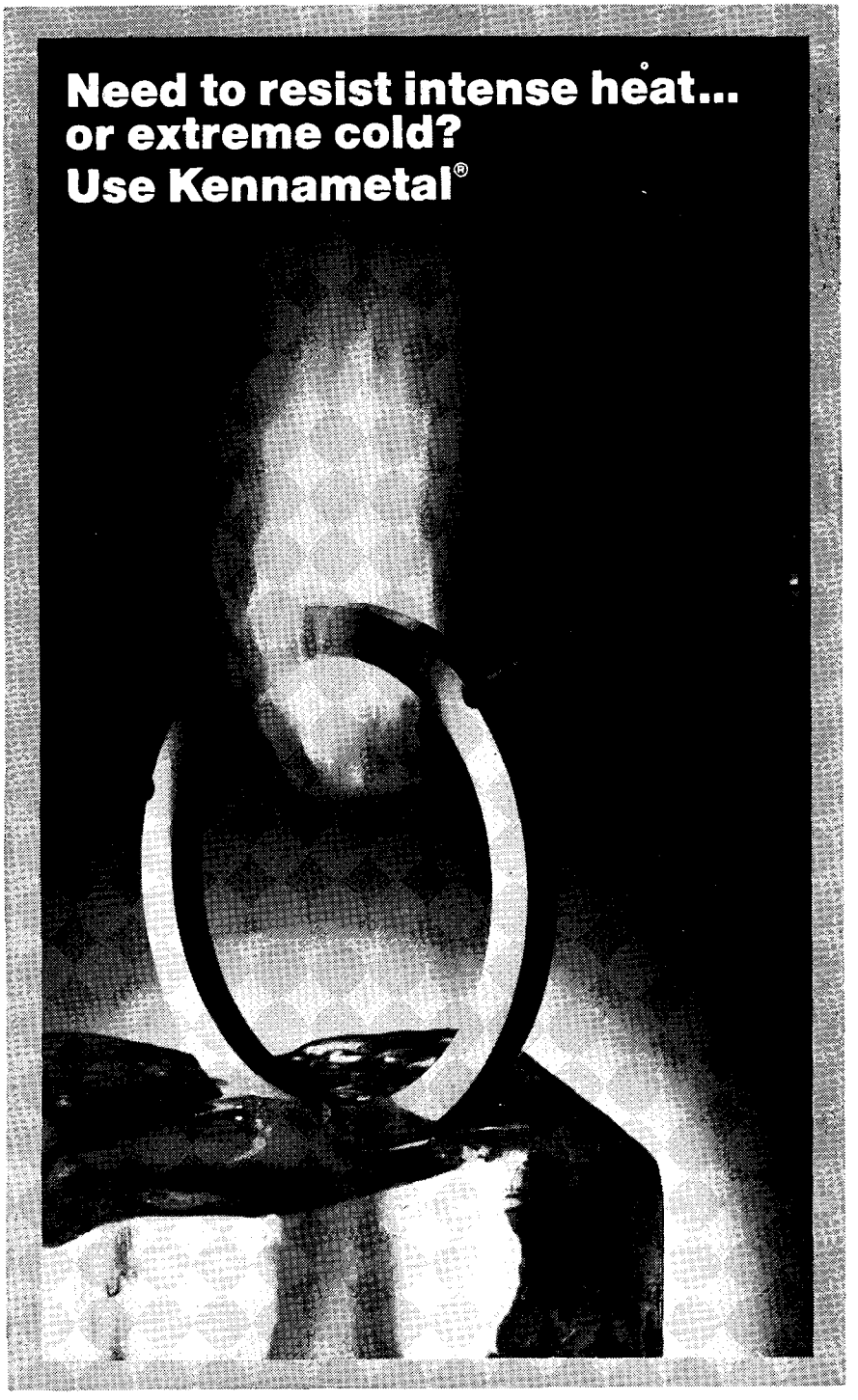

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dents who closed South Campus. As for the "stout chains," the students had used them to chain themselves to the gates, and they were not using them as weapons on that day.

3) The courts, not the Board of Higher Education, ordered the college reopened under political, which is not synonymous with popular, pressure. At the moment at which the injunctions were issued, negotiations were within a few days of completion, and the college could have reopened without police and without fights between students. As for the statement "the rebels fled," I suppose Prof. Wagner would have castigated them for disobeying the law if they had not "fled." Perhaps he is one of those who think "rebels" should learn their lesson by having their heads broken by nightsticks.

4) We now come to one of the most absurd comments in this article: "What, then, were the issues, if such a term can be used to dignify attempts to muzzle Negro aspirations by imposing black studies programs?" I am not at all sure to what Prof. Wagner is referring. Is it to the demand that elementary education majors be required to study black and Puerto Rican history? Is it to the demand for the establishment of a School of Black and Puerto Rican Studies? If it is the first, I can only say that students have been required for years to take courses in Western Civilization, and it seems only fair that they should also learn about the history of 22 million people who live in this country and whose "history" has usually been relegated to discussions of slavery in the Southern United States. If it is the second, there is nothing compulsory about the School of Black and Puerto Rican Studies (which incidentally, is going to be organized as a School of Regional and Urban Studies). The School's courses will be open to anyone, black or white, who wants to take them, and there is nothing to indicate that these courses will have lower standards than other courses at the college. Moreover, what does the word "muzzle" mean in the sentence quoted above? It certainly sounds ominous and that seems to be Prof. Wagner's only reason for using it.

New York, N.Y. MRS. SONIA J. ROBBINS

. . . and a Reply

1) That *Observation Post* was for most of the past academic year a "slander sheet" is opinionative. Its reiterated references to President Gallagher as a "motherf-----" led me to so characterize it.

2) *Black Mischief* was an obvious reference to the novel by Evelyn Waugh, on which some professorial play (heavy humor, chaps) was made during the article. Mrs. Robbins might read it one day, in one of those "racist" Western Civilization courses that will soon be so many academic curios.

3) Wrong again, Mrs. R. The Board of Higher Ed., *not* the courts, ordered the

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college reopened (*I don't* work for the judiciary—at least, not yet). Whereupon Gallagher resigned. And resigned. The courts (in fact, two) twisted the arm of the BHE. It is this total ignorance of the educational system under attack (within which system I have labored for nigh on twenty years and which I accordingly despise and detest twenty times more bitterly than my present interlocutor) that worries me about the little Hitlers who are appointing themselves to correct its Kafkaesque tergiversations and inelasticities.

Finally, that political is not popular pressure is probably the campus quote of the century, and any other! If Mrs. Robbins had glanced at the back of the issue of *NR*, on which she so excitedly assails me, she would have found me, in the review section, citing Martin Oppenheimer that "it was not freedom of speech that brought the Nazis to power—it was freedom to perform illegal acts of subversion without significant punishment." At the start Hitler was not popular, but he was "political." Procaccino brought his show-cause suit simply because he had been begged by a number of shut-out students to do so. This was not an "injunction" (one was eventually handed down, but never served), nor were "negotiations . . . *within a few days of completion.*" Gallagher may have thought they were, but his faculty and *the majority of students* knew they wanted thinking about, especially in the light of the fact that a principal negotiator for the so-called "black" side was one Serge Mullery, last seen by some of us ignominiously wrestled to the floor of Mott Hall, and his silly shades broken, by a 250-pound member of the Classics Department after an attack on another class. Serge it was who addressed the faculty in an initial meeting as "motherf------" (again! *so* uninventive!), and when only a handful of the faculty turned up for another bout of the same commented that this just showed how apathetic the faculty really were. Betty Rawls, SEEKer, deplored (according to the *New York Times*) the lack of calm and reason in the air, after her side had just done an estimated quarter of a million dollars' worth of damage to the institution, let alone opening heads of any white faculty or students in sight.

5) Yes, yes, yes. Read Kenneth Clark, Bayard Rustin, Sir Arthur Lewis and the rest of such "racists," on the subject of black studies. I might also add to my current Auntie Tom that the School of Black and Puerto Rican Studies is not going "to be organized as a School of Regional and Urban Studies" at all—not until the taxpayers have decided, through their representatives, that it should be.

New York, N.Y. GEOFFREY WAGNER

The Smothered Brothers

"Bobbsey Twins" and "mealy-mouthed dissent," [*NR*, April 22] while a bit snide, are certainly fair comment.

(Continues on page 609)

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THE WEEK

■ At the graduation ceremonies of the Air Force Academy, in Colorado Springs on June 5, President Richard Nixon delivered the finest official speech of our times on the world role and international responsibilities of the United States and their relation to domestic problems and conflicts. Dissociating his own outlook once and for all from the sterile neo-isolationists, unilateral disarmers and the dropouts from history, he took his stand with those who believe in this country and its future—on earth and in the opening reaches of space.

■ John Kenneth Galbraith wants to nationalize the Military-Industrial Complex (née Arsenal of Democracy) in order to restore public control of military spending, the Yippie exorcism of the Pentagon having failed to break its fear-and-secrecy grip on the mad bomber budget, and look how well the Post Office works, and it's been years since we nationalized anything but draft-age youth, and besides the danger to American democracy lies not in the Soviet Union or China but "is from the starvation of our public services, particularly in our big cities here at home," and everybody should take a course in economics.

■ Free men, a species long thought to be extinct until a few scattered specimens were found in the Thirties and Forties, are once again under attack despite their remarkable comeback in recent years. Their natural enemy, state power, has multiplied enormously and -med itself with nuclear missiles, so free men must construct antimissile defenses or perish, as they say in Ecology 1A. Since this involves underground testing of hydrogen weapons, a site was duly chosen: Amchitka Island, one of the remote Aleutians, an uninhabited, soggy, fog-bound, potentially volcanic and earthquake-prone rock of interest largely to sea otters and bald eagles and an off-breed of Canada goose. As it happens, these, too, are threatened species, but enjoy the protection of a powerful lobby headed by otter-eagle-goose spokesman Phillip D. Carter, a reporter for the *Washington Post*, seconded by Rep. Patsy Mink (D., Hawaii) and the *Congressional Record*. No tests, says the OEG. The tests are underground and won't hurt the animals, says the AEC. Move the site to the Potomac swamps, says *NR*.

■ Yorty whipped Bradley, and now the press is whipping the voters of Los Angeles. There seems to be substance to the charge that Yorty conducted a rather indelicate campaign, and there is no doubt that a large group of Angelenos decided that they did not want a Negro for mayor. This is a shame, of course, for it is a trite but truthful observation that no man should be denied high office because of the color of his skin. And Bradley did seem an unusually attractive and well-qualified man. But critics should remember that Bradley's campaign message was simply the flip-side of Yorty's. He ran as a Negro, and the fact of his blackness was played for all it was worth by the media. The Los Angeles voter was, in effect, given two choices: a) vote for Bradley because he is a Negro; or b) vote against Bradley for the same reason.

■ Although he just cackles happily and flaps his jaws at the IRS, there is no doubt that Justice William O. Douglas is in hot water. The Fortas fallout has blanketed Washington with an atmosphere of neo-Puritanism, and although it's temporary, everyone is righteous for now. Everyone except Douglas, that is, who increasingly loses touch. And there do seem to be some substantive complaints about his not overly scrupulous methods of supplementing his income. One cannot, perhaps, categorically state that a Supreme Court Justice must not under any circumstances accept money won at Las Vegas crap tables. And perhaps it is okay for Justices to write articles for convicted pornographers. But there does appear to be a broad question of ethical sensitivity involved, or at least a question of stability of character. Perhaps the most charitable comment is the obvious one: Justice Douglas is old, though, unfortunately, not exhausted. He would greatly oblige us all by simply resigning from the Court and resuming his career at, say, Robert Hutchins' tax-exempt zoo.

■ If you think you're having a hard time keeping up with the cost of living, you're right. An analysis of the statistics by the Chase Manhattan Bank shows that, what with inflation and increased taxes, you had to make an income of $13,646 in 1967 to equal the buying power of a $5,000 income in 1939; to equal 1939's $10,000 income, you needed $28,237; and if you were lucky enough to have been getting $25,000 in 1939, it took $79,629. That's 1967. What with the surtax and the inflation since then, you'd have to add about 20 per cent more to the 1967 figure to get back where you started from.

■ Have the politicians at last become poets? Is the reign of the philosopher-king at hand? Is the New York City dawn to become rosy-fingered at last? Prithee, hark! On zephyr'd wings we hear Hizzoner toss off a boomer: "Marchi wants to turn back the clock."

■ The Kremlin, after six years of trying, is having its conference, but it won't be getting much joy out of it. Eighteen or twenty of the world's Communist parties didn't show up at all, and a good many of the others came dragging their ideological feet. Opposition by the Italian and Rumanian parties, among others, to the Czech affair and the wish of many parties to stay clear of total commitment on the Sino-Soviet conflict will probably prevent the conference from taking a stand on either of these

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Suggested Pranks, Jokes and Put-ons for Thirty-nine Really Fun People

1. **Eugene McCarthy:** Write an essay on why Plato was right about poets.
2. **Hugh Hefner:** Announce that Madalyn Murray O'Hair will be featured in your July centerfold.
3. **Spiro Agnew:** Take a fat Jap to lunch.
4. **Bishop Pike:** Act insulted because you always get invited to appear on television shows with weirdos.
5. **Howard Hughes:** Buy U.S. Savings Bonds where you work. When you have 51 per cent, make your move.
6. **Yevgeny Yevtushenko:** Write a poem proving that Communism doesn't scan.
7. **Eartha Kitt:** Take Mrs. Nixon to lunch.
8. **S. I. Hayakawa:** Explain the difference between semantics and karate.
9. **Gamal Abdel Nasser:** Buy Israel Bonds.
10. **Maria Callas:** Announce that you will marry Lord Harlech.
11. **Snoopy:** Bite somebody.
12. **Richard Nixon:** Lower your voice.
13. **J. William Fulbright:** Dedicate your next book to Senator Bricker.
14. **Marshall McLuhan:** Join the Book-of-the-Month Club.
15. **Rev. Ralph David Abernathy:** Take Lester Maddox to lunch.
16. **Charles de Gaulle:** Issue an umbrella to every Frenchman.
17. **Gore Vidal:** Explain that you love Rome because it's the center of crypto-fascism.
18. **Golda Meir:** Buy Egypt.
19. **20 Mr. and Mrs. Aristotle Socrates Onassis:** Stay together for the children's sake.
21. **Svetlana Alleiluyeva:** Take up needlepoint.
22. **Wladyslaw Gomulka:** Take Spiro Agnew to lunch.
23. **Norman Mailer:** Invite Shirley Temple Black to appear in your next movie.
24. **John Lindsay:** Promise to make subways run on time.
25. **Allen Ginsberg:** Find a rhyme for "orange."
26. **Alexander Dubcek:** Look up "defenestration" in your Funk & Wagnalls.
27. **Stavros Niarchos:** Marry Queen Mother Elizabeth.
28. **Oliver Warbucks:** Buy Howard Hughes.
29. **Bob Dylan:** Admit that you moved to Woodstock, N.Y. to be near Frank Meyer.
30. **H. L. Hunt:** Take *anybody* to lunch. And pick up the tab.
31. **Teddy Kennedy:** Ask Nelson Rockefeller to draw up your campaign timetable.
32. **Philip Roth:** You feel all right? You look pale. You got a fever? Have some chicken soup!
33. **Stewart R. Mott:** Give all the rest of your money to Father Flanagan's Boys Town.
34. **Robert Welch:** Buy NATIONAL REVIEW. One copy at a time.
35. **Nguyen Cao Ky:** Give Ho Chi Minh the name of your tailor.
36. **Dr. Benjamin Spock:** Get out of Vietnam.
37. **John Kenneth Galbraith:** Surprise Milton Friedman—send him a free lunch.
38. **Sir Bernard Lovell:** Absolutely refuse to confirm the next Soviet space triumph.
39. **Adam Clayton Powell:** Repent!

—KEITH MCCOY and C. H. SIMONDS

issues—the most important now confronting world Communism. The programmatic document issuing from the conference will be just one more boring reiteration of the clichés of Communist doctrine larded with denunciations of capitalism and imperialism.

■ The first round of the French elections proved a couple of things. 1) After ten years of Gaullism there are only two important political forces left in France, a) that vague alliance of rightists, centrists and moderate leftists who for one reason or another have supported de Gaulle over the years, and b) the Communist Party. The figures break down this way: Center-Right (Pompidou and Poher) 67 per cent; Communists (Duclos) 21 per cent; non-Communist Left (Defferre-Mendès-France, Rocard, Krivine) 9 per cent. And 2) that the Communist Party of France is still very much Moscow-directed. Why else would it abstain from the June 15 runoff, thereby throwing the election to Georges Pompidou who got a thumping 44 per cent of the vote first time out? Pompidou will have a Gaullist-dominated National Assembly behind him whereas if Alain Poher (22 per cent) were elected President he would have to govern with an unfriendly Assembly or dissolve it, either of which courses the Communists would like. So why don't they support Poher? Because during his campaign he promised to reverse de Gaulle's foreign policy: he said he would reinforce France's ties with Germany, look favorably on Britain's entry into the Common Market, support NATO, embark on a less hostile course vis-à-vis the United States—all of them positions Moscow opposes.

■ Liberals imagine silver linings of future freedom in every new cloud of suppression over Czechoslovakia because, not understanding Communism, they do not realize that leftist rulers can long endure without the consent of the governed. So when Gustav Husak, the Soviet puppet, replaced Alexander Dubcek as First Secretary in April, *Time* magazine reported the putsch this way: ". . . Czechoslovaks felt that [Dubcek's] emotional makeup was poorly suited to the daily strain of coping with Soviet demands; they believed that toward the end he had allowed the country to lapse into a dangerous period of drift and indecision. A tough Husak, they hoped, might be able to bargain more skilfully with the Russians and more effectively protect Czechoslovakia's interest." Last weekend Husak skilfully bargained away all the remaining Czech officials who had played prominent roles in relaxing

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the noose of Communism before the August invasion. And even after that purge, *Newsweek*, in a report headlined "Lesser of Two Evils," portrayed Husak anew as the good-guy negotiator, buying time and freedom for his people by "using all the leverage at his command" to hold off the more "conservative" leaders. It is the *New York Times*, oddly enough, that is now beginning to see the events in Czechoslovakia for what they are. "The Czechoslovak Communist Party Central Committee," wrote the *Times* editorialists after the purge, "has capitulated to Moscow. . . . Even the discredited Antonin Novotny put up more resistance to Soviet pressure in his last years of power than the Husak group is now doing."

■ A correspondent from Tel Aviv writes: "The Department of Immigration and Absorption has just announced that this summer at least six hundred American public school teachers of Jewish faith, largely from the New York metropolitan area, are leaving their jobs and coming to settle in Israel for good. To appreciate the significance of this and how this reflects the unfortunate situation in New York City schools one should realize that in previous years the yearly average of Jewish-American immigrants to Israel was rarely more than five to six hundred —and this included people of all ages and all walks of life."

■ President Perkins of Cornell has bitten the dust, as everyone except President Perkins knew he would. It is difficult to feel sympathy, as he obviously intends to leave the scene like Buell Gallagher, trailing clouds of self-righteousness. Perhaps a bit of pity is in order, however, for few men recently in the public eye have so thoroughly demeaned themselves. One remembers, for instance, Perkins standing on a speaker's platform, the butt of contemptuous New Left raillery, smiling bravely as if he too understood the jokes, much in the manner of a white Uncle Tom at a slave auction calling for bids on his daughter. Perkins no doubt believes his intentions were good, and they probably were, insofar as they were motivated by a genuine concern for Negroes rather than by his preoccupation with the picture of himself demonstrating genuine concern. His contribution must remain a negative one, however: almost singlehandedly he put Cornell on the path to what may well be permanent second-rate status.

■ In his just published memoirs, C. L. Sulzberger recalls that a senator was eaten by his constituents in Africa's Ivory Coast. Comments Sulzberger, "you cannot have your senator and eat him too." On the floor of the U.S. Senate the then Majority Leader, Lyndon B. Johnson observed: "It's really amazing what a senator will do for his constituents."

■ Actors Equity Association has taken the worry out of being close, or something, by issuing no-no's concerning on-stage sex life. Here we go, guideline buffs: No nudity at interviews. No nudity at auditions unless a) there's an Equity observer on hand and b) everyone else present is certified to gawk. No sex acts during audition (farewell, casting couch). "Actual sex acts during rehearsals or performances shall not be required of a performer." More than one performer, unspecified. During coffee breaks or backstage, unspecified. Rats.

■ Professorial wars are fun. Where else could you find the learned author of a report on the welfarism explosion under attack by his colleagues for allegedly overlooking statistical "dischiseling"?

Midway to Where?

This issue of *NR* will be in the mails while Presidents Nixon and Thieu are conferring on Midway island. The communiqué issuing from the Midway meeting will provide only ambiguous clues to what is going to be done about the Vietnam war; that is the way of official communiqués. But certain things that will happen, or fail to happen, during the month or two following the Midway meeting may be fairly accurate guides.

For one thing, we should know by mid-summer whether Mr. Nixon intends to stick with Mr. Thieu or to do a Diem. To stick with Thieu doesn't mean to agree with him at all points, and doesn't exclude hard bargaining. It does mean that the Nixon Administration and the Thieu administration will stand together on essentials, or, rather, on the essential: no sellout, open or disguised, of South Vietnam to the Communists. Thieu, if under enough pressure, would doubtless yield a good deal more than he would like to—and has already yielded not a little in connection with the Paris negotiations. But by all the evidence he is not going to yield his countrymen and himself to the mercies of the Communists. He will, therefore, refuse to accept any measures—such as most suggested forms of coalition government with the NLF-Vietcong would be—that would have Communist take-

Amuck

They marvel at his Spanish;
  His packaging is slick.
Yet invitations vanish. . .
  The entourage is sick.
Caracas sent a veto.
  They banned him in Peru.
The Army's out in Quito.
  Bolivia withdrew.
It isn't halitosis.
It's surely not BO.
Nor is it a neurosis,
  Since Happy is in tow.
The President is quiet.
  (Reporters tend to cluck.)
Nobody loves a riot.
  The Rock has run amuck.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Do you have a

- ☐ ~~MOTHER'S DAY~~ Too late!
- ☐ FATHER'S DAY (you might still make it!)
- ☐ GRADUATION
- ☐ BIRTHDAY
- ☐ MAN IN THE SERVICE
- ☐ YOU NAME IT...

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over as their consequence. If, therefore, it is Mr. Nixon's decision to get out quickly even at the price of some such measures (and, consequently, of ultimate Communist takeover), he will have to get rid of President Thieu and the Thieu regime. If so, there would have to be a preliminary process of undermining public confidence in Thieu. The immediate aftermath of the Midway meeting would be the logical time for a starter: stories, perhaps, of bitter disputes at Midway between the two Presidents, increasingly obvious divergences between the public Saigon and Washington lines, etc.

This is the scenario, roughed out by the doves, that some analysts insist the President has already accepted for production. We should soon be able to judge whether they are talking facts or wishes.

Closing the Doors

In presenting the draft of a new constitution, scheduled to be voted on soon and almost certainly adopted by Rhodesia's restricted electorate, Ian Smith and his colleagues may have figured: "Experience has shown that nothing we could do, short of political suicide and economic ruin, was going to bring reconciliation with Britain or appease the nations committed to our destruction. Therefore, we might as well forget about any outside views and set our own course solely in terms of what we believe will permit our survival." If this was the spirit of the drafters, it is no doubt understandable, but the resultant document is no less saddening to those who have hoped—and will somehow try to continue to hope—that a reasonably workable and humane solution might be found to this infinitely difficult Rhodesian impasse.

The proposed constitution—in both respects unlike the constitution under which the Rhodesian government has been up to now operating—is fundamentally racist and fundamentally despotic. It is fundamentally racist because its provisions exclude, on the grounds solely of race, the possibility that non-whites could win a parliamentary majority and thus control the formation of a government. If this constitution holds, the Africans (the constitution's official term) must remain politically subject to Europeans (again, the constitution's term) no matter what their increase in literacy, income, wealth, virtue or any other quality—or, of course, in numbers, wherein they already exceed the Europeans by fifteen to one.

This constitution is fundamentally despotic not only because, in the government's own words, "the new Declaration of Rights will not be enforceable by the courts," but because "the Bill of Rights" is an Orwellian inversion. It authorizes—not as an emergency exception or under judicial control, but routinely—arrest by quasi-judicial authorities, preventive detention and arrest, regulation of the press and other media (i.e., censorship) etc.

We do not believe it within our function or competence to tell the Rhodesian government how to manage its affairs, and we do not consider it within our government's function and competence to intervene in the affairs of other nations except insofar as these constitute a serious threat to our own national security and interest. We have tried to understand Rhodesia's fearsome dilemmas sympathetically, and we have sharply criticized the irresponsible, sterile hostility that so much of the world has directed against Rhodesia. All the more reason to state our conviction that the proposed constitution is immoral, unnecessary and imprudent.

Self-evidently it is immoral: see above. Unnecessary, because the distant future cannot in any event be controlled, and non-racist educational and income voting qualifications are adequate insurance against the premature coming to power of a manifestly unfitted majority. Imprudent because it will wound so many of those who have not joined the anti-Rhodesia pack, and, crucial for the longer run, because the provisions of this constitution leave Rhodesia's black majority no hope for political and legal equality—no hope for becoming fully human—except through violence.

The Battle of Berkeley

Accounts read like the last chapter in a wildly improbable academic novel. One sunny May day at Berkeley a helicopter whirls low over the kumquat trees, in which hippies grip branches with their bare toes and make juicy breakfasts. The helicopter trails a cloud of gas as it comes. Small groups of students race for shelter. One group stands frozen, pointing upwards. (These are the faculty, no doubt, discussing in measured tones just what the substance is that swirls down among them.) And a graduate student begins to cry in the middle of his Ph.D. orals and flees from a building, his doctoral committee galloping behind.

Jane Jacobs, City Planner

She catalogues the reasons why
Our cities tend to terrify.
She hates the bulldozer approach.
More than she does the errant roach.
She castigates the spewing car;
She finds the "highway mind" bizarre.
She says a neighborhood is where
You shop a bit and take the air.
She likes the early Henry Ford,
While Galbraith (bless her!) is deplored.
Can Romney throw us in reverse?
She thinks he'll throw us something worse.
But if he plans from Washington,
She prophesies oblivion.

W. H. von Dreele

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As everyone knows by now, it was tear gas, and the California National Guard enjoys the dubious distinction of having initiated the first air strike against an American college campus. The howls of outrage were predictable and in many cases justified, and now everyone is assigning blame. It's the fault of "Reagan's Raiders," say some. It's those damned street people, say others. But few people seem to be pointing at the real villains of the piece, the Berkeley administrators.

The fighting erupted over a 270x450-foot plot of ground, a wretched mud hole which for much of the year has all the aesthetic appeal of a hog wallow. On April 20 the Berkeley street people sodded and landscaped it, and in so doing performed the first constructive action of their lives. And then, for some yet to be explained reason, the university administration panicked. On May 15, a crew of workers rushed to the lot, trampled the shrubbery, and threw a nine-foot cyclone fence around it.

The reason given was absurd: the administrators eventually hoped to turn the lot into a field upon which students could play soccer, a sport which at Berkeley ranks right up there in popularity with cock-fighting. In attempting to explain the action, Chancellor Roger Heyns could only sputter that the street people had "refused to organize a responsible committee with which the university could consult." There is no greater sin in academe than refusing to organize a committee.

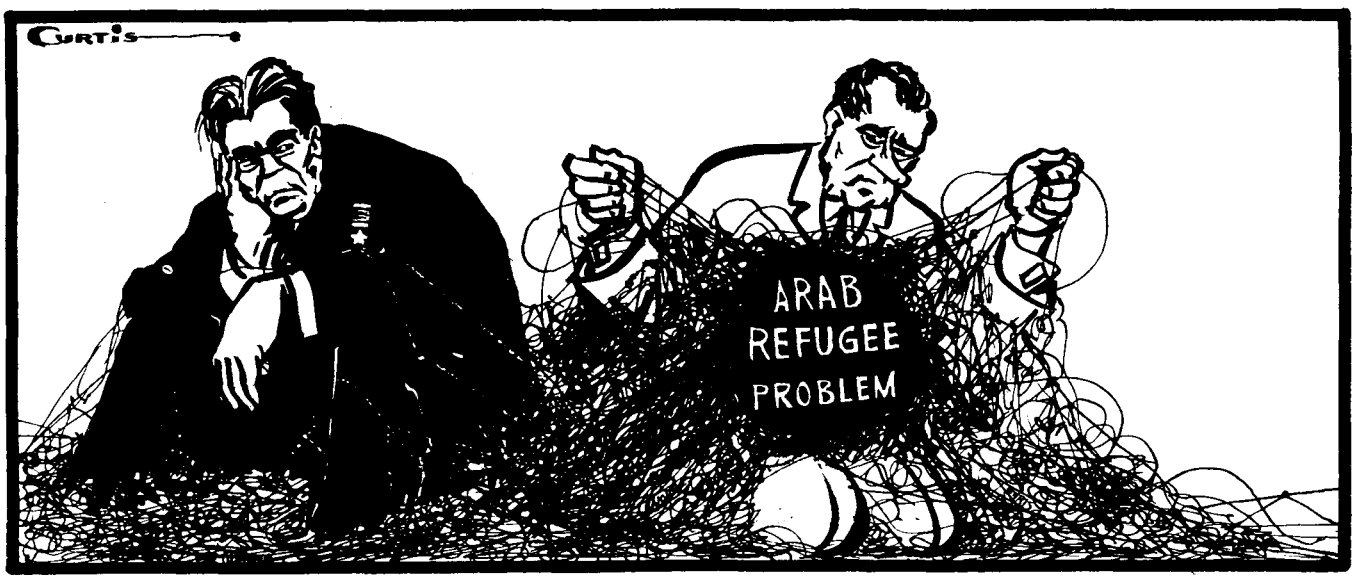
And so, when the street people and the majority of Berkeley's students demanded that the fence be removed, the administrators called in the troops and the battle began. And through it all the administrators enjoyed the best of two worlds. On the one hand President Hitch deplored the tactics of the peace keeping forces, but on the other insisted they remain on the scene.

The stupidity is appalling. On issue after issue the administrators have made concessions. They have watched berserk rioters rip apart the campus; have watched the curriculum grow slushy and formless as professors increasingly fear to speak their minds in the classroom; have watched respected faculty trickle away to other universities; and have watched the campus change from the finest in the U.S. to a national laughingstock.

And now they are backing off. The idea is to get the city to lease the land, then let the street people have it back. And so, the Berkeley administrators, by choosing to make an issue of a grubby vacant lot located deep in street-people territory, have handed a superb cause to the New Leftists at a time when their West Coast prestige was at an all-time low, and are now guaranteeing them a victory, all the while piously denouncing the violence which they brought about. One sometimes understands the open contempt in which SDSers hold university administrators.

The World (Moral) Turned Upside Down

One of the remarkable things about the conflict in the Middle East is the series of inversions it has produced in standard liberal attitudes. Is anyone in doubt about the orthodox liberal attitude toward the UN? It's the parliament of man and our last best hope. Only it should keep its hands off the process of settlement in the Middle East, where only "direct talks" between the disputants will do. And what of the 99-0 vote of the General Assembly condemning Israeli "absorption" of Jerusalem? This has fallen into a great silence, as far as the liberal media, Jewish and non-Jewish alike, are concerned. Again, we have heard endlessly of the virtues of "wooing away" nations within the Soviet sphere of influence. Bridges must be built, nationalism must be appealed to—when we are thinking of Tito or Gomulka or Husak. But we hear very little of this where Jordan or Lebanon or Egypt is concerned. What bridges are we to build there? What



The Middle East Knot

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forms of "polycentrism" are we to cultivate? The silence of the liberals is baffling.

Think of the liberal attitude toward Third World "liberation" movements. In Angola, for example, directed against the Portuguese, these are fine. Even Arabs are to be admired—when they are fighting against the French in Algeria. But there will be no Middle Eastern equivalent of Pontecorvo's film, *The Battle of Algiers*. Al Fatah is a terroist organization, and Yasir Arafat is not to be confused with the dashing Che Guevara. The rule of "third world" populations by technologically advanced whites? We know what the liberal attitude is when this occurs in a European colony, or in Rhodesia. If there is any similar concern about the hundreds of thousands of Arabs now under Israeli rule it has escaped our attention. Refugees, displaced persons? In Vietnam or in Biafra these are the constant subject of liberal lamentation, affecting photography and TV specials. But not the Arab refugees in the Middle East. Some political situations, apparently, are absolutely *sui generis*: so unique that not only do standard attitudes seem inappropriate, but actually turn into their opposites.

"Hiya, Fella!" "Gringo Peeg!"

Back in May and June of 1968, when hope sprang eternal, David Rockefeller had an off-the-cuff speech that he made to executive types and rich ladies in support of the ambitions of his brother Nelson. Part of it went: "After all, my brother is probably the only American leader who could go to Latin America tomorrow and get a hero's welcome." One year later, back from a tour marked by violence in eight of the ten countries visited and cancellation of visits to two more, Nelson Rockefeller manages to say (game grin): "The trip can be termed successful as far as finding out what the sentiment is."

Indeed, the Governor found a fact on his fact-finding expedition: They Don't Like Us Down There. Hardly a new fact, but it seems to need dusting off every ten years or so. In which connection a wag in the audience remarks that, really, President Nixon sent Rockefeller south as a favor—after all, Nixon was harassed, stoned and egged in Latin America in 1958, and look where *he* wound up. But why the trip, and why Rockefeller? Back to 1958. The immediate results of Nixon's trip were a boost for his prestige (he looked so brave) and a reaction of hurt anger from Americans (why do they hate us after all we've done for them?). The reaction was skilfully exploited through television specials, color spreads in *Life* and *Look*, an all-out media barrage the message of which was: Latin America is in crisis, we have not done enough, Latin America is doomed, we must do more, more, more. Three years later, the Alliance for Progress was trotted out and we were permitted to forget about Latin Americans for a few years.

Now we are reminded, and it quickly becomes clear that none of the lessons has been learned. Already the problem is smothered in the trite formulations: They don't like us because we are rich while They are poor because we exploit Them; we stifle Their democratic aspirations by supporting corrupt military regimes; and (the all-time favorite) we Just Don't Understand Them. Much of what must be understood about Latin America, if the Nixon policy now gestating is to succeed, is dramatized by Rockefeller's trip: 1) Nothing—not $1 billion a year from the Alliance for Progress, not billions more in job-producing capital investment, not even the exhumed head of Nelson Rockefeller's grandfather on a silver salver, will make all Latin Americans "like" us. Endemic mistrust and resentment can always be exploited—by individuals (the leaders of the rioting students) and by governments (e.g. the Peruvian junta) as well. 2) Being liked by the Latin Americans, anyhow, should not be the chief end of our policy. What we should seek is a stable, economically healthy Hemisphere. 3) To that end, Latin America needs—more than land reform, birth control or parliamentary democracy—economic growth. That growth must depend largely on dollars from the North; those dollars will go farthest when they come as private capital investment, rather than as government-to-government aid with countless offensive strings attached. 4) Beyond money, economic growth depends on political stability. The Latin Americans can take care of that themselves, once they realize that their cherished traditions of student nastiness, revolving-door government and the exploitation of envy have brought them to a dead end.

Bryn Mawr Tells It Not Quite Like It Is

A couple of weeks ago one of our readers sent us a clipping from the *Bryn Mawr Haverford College News*. It read: "Herbert Aptheker, historian and author, has been appointed to the Bryn Mawr faculty to head a program of black studies next year. The Aptheker appointment had been expected after he was approved earlier in the week by the student-faculty black studies committee and by the history department. He is currently director of the American Institute for Marxist Studies. Aptheker is the author of several books on the history of the black man in America, and he has twice received the history award from the Association for the Study of Negro Life."

Ever eager to note the progress of higher education in America, this item naturally interested us. For verification and possible amplification we called the Public Information Office of Bryn Mawr College. The pleasant young lady who answered confessed she was "only filling in" and "really couldn't say." After consulting, on our suggestion, with the *College News* (which serves Bryn Mawr as alumnae magazine), she reported:

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"Aptheker has been appointed Visiting Lecturer in black studies, which is not a separate department, but functions under the history department."

In our persistent way, we next day tried again, and found Miss Carol Biba, Director of Public Information, back at her post. Miss Biba apologized for being so vague but said she had just returned from a long hospital visit. Yesterday's girl had been just a student, and the *College News* item was the product of students "who had not bothered to check." She would give us "the full story." We got somewhat confused in midcourse, but it went something like this: The black studies program is new, and won't begin until fall. The appointments (three in all) have not been officially announced yet. The courses will be given for credit, but the curriculum has not been set up as yet. The third appointee has not yet been decided. Herbert Aptheker is one of the three. He will give a course on Afro-American history, under the history department. Aptheker has accepted, but has not yet been voted on by the proper faculty committee which will do so right after commencement.

This little story interested us, perhaps even more for what the *College News*, Miss Biba and the pleasant young lady did not mention as for what they did. Herbert Aptheker, Bryn Mawr's lecturer-soon-to-be, is indeed "author of several books on the history of the black man in America," and is also a veteran member of the Communist Party of the U.S., long a member of its National Committee and generally considered its leading theoretician. He has given a warming proof of the influence of his ideas and example on young women of the age he will be concerned with next fall. His daughter, Bettina, was co-leader with Mario Savio of the Berkeley Free Speech movement, sponsor of the opening campus riots, and shortly after graduation announced her own membership in the Communist Party.

P.S. News item from *Daily World* (official Communist Party newspaper), May 27: "Bryn Mawr College has appointed Dr. Herbert Aptheker director of its black studies program. Dr. Aptheker . . . was appointed after black students here demanded a black studies program with him as its head. . . . He will assume the post in September 1969. . . . Aptheker praised Bryn Mawr's administration for breaking the ban in complying with the students' selection of a well-known Communist. The fact that he is a member of the Communist Party's National Committee has already been published in the college newspaper. . . . Describing his appointment, Aptheker said: 'It is thrilling, with wide national significance for the Communist Party. It also reflects something of what this student movement is all about, which many people have failed to understand.'"

Waite—The Sun, London

The Ben Roth Agency

Needed: An Ark

There are Peace Corps and peace corps, Foreign Aid and foreign aid. About a year ago, a strikingly attractive American woman journalist, Wyn Sargent, was urged to find out what happened to the "head-hunters" of Borneo (remember the Wild Man of Borneo in the circuses of yesteryear?). The idea didn't strike her as particularly attractive. No one knew what had happened to the head-hunters since they had retreated before the Japanese army in the early Forties, back into wildest Borneo, and no one had cared to investigate until Miss Sargent came along.

She, her twelve-year-old son, and a police escort of thirteen started out. Only seven finished the gruelling two-hundred-mile trip by canoe and portage; the others were felled by dysentery, malaria and other tropical diseases. As it happened, the expedition came closer to starvation a couple of times than to losing their heads. The Dyaks, which is what the head-hunters are called, are distinctly non-militant these days. They treated the strange visitors with suspicion at first but very soon warmed up to them.

Wyn Sargent must have seemed odd to them. She tops six feet and the grown male Dyak measures about five. Only three thousand Dyaks survive today—and their life expectancy is 25 years. The Dyaks are hunters. They still use the blowguns they used generations ago, but the areas into which they moved during the Japanese occupation are short of game. They are fishermen, but though they still cast their nets there are few fish in the waterways that border their new homelands. Their death rate is high: they die often in infancy of diseases that could be cured if they had the knowhow or the medicine; or of malnutrition which could be averted if anyone would teach them how to farm their new lands and how to take care of livestock. So fearful was their reputation that postwar Indonesia, with plenty of other problems to worry about, forgot all about them. And so they are dying off.

Well, you know how Americans can be. Wyn Sargent

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was touched—and outraged. If no one else was going to do something for the Dyaks, she, at least, would try.

She's spent almost a year on the project now, scurrying around the States, speaking, lecturing, writing letters, buttonholing foundation officials and businessmen, telling her story. And, as so often happens in America, peope have responded. A couple of pharmaceutical companies have donated three tons of medical supplies (that's a lot of atabrine tablets) to the Sargent-Dyak Fund. A public high school threw a dance and donated the proceeds to the Fund. Two missionaries have signed up to spend a year with the Dyaks, as has a young teacher who is even now studying Dyakese, or whatever you call it, and a newly graduated doctor says he'll give his first twelve months as an MD to the Dyaks. The villagers are busy building a clinic and houses for the American staff. They're not what you'd call great houses, says Miss Sargent. They're really more like shelters, but they'll keep out the rain and protect against the heat of the sun. Other American businesses are donating tools, generators, farm supplies, books—yes, and toys. Heiffer, Inc. will supply pigs, goats, and chickens that have been bred to withstand the Borneo climate and that are immune to the most common tropical diseases. One businessman has even offered Miss Sargent warehouse space for the loot until it can be shipped out.

Possibly most important of all, Mrs. Suharto, wife of the Indonesian president, has agreed to sponsor the operation.

The only thing that's missing is the Ark. Operation Dyak can't get underway until it raises the money to pay the freight charges to Indonesia, which is a fur, fur piece away, or, better still, unless it gets free-of-charge space on ship, or preferably plane, to speed the life-saving merchandise on its way sometime between now and early October. That's when Mr. Suharto is expecting it and that (having met Wyn Sargent) is when we expect it will arrive.

Notes & Asides

■ *No*, Our People's Underworld is not a put-on. *Yes*, it exists and sells conspiratorial equipment from a mail drop in Larchmont, N. Y. *No*, it is not part of NATIONAL REVIEW. *We don't know* whether wearing a "Don't Let THEM Immanentize the Eschaton" button kills Gnostics. We've had it. — /s/ The Editors. Address further correspondence to OPU, Box 1028, Larchmont, N. Y. 10538. *Not to us.*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: A larger number of men in this institution are quietly going crazy. Can you imagine being subjected to a steady diet of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, KDIA, and the various TV specials which abound in this area? It is worse than anything the Chinese could dream up, it is unbelievable that so many of us still hope that America will survive. . . but we manage, and now we need some help from outside.

Many of the men here who feel as I do attempted to enlist (or re-enlist, as the case may be). And unbelievable as it may seem in this setting, a lot of us are quietly rooting for the local police departments.

Very truly yours,
Barney W. Young
Box A-929374
San Quentin, California

P.S. If you know of any organization that would consider donating some of their old material to us we would turn handstands in happiness. It has been a lack of funds that has handicapped us in the obtaining of conservative material, because as you probably know, the selection of reading material for a school program is done by some pretty strange individuals. As inmates, we earn an average of .03¢ an hour. After the state takes a 20 per cent cut out of that, a man simply doesn't have the money to start buying books on his own.

■ Do you want to hear some sick-talk from the Right? Here is (charitably truncated) a description of Arthur Burns in the *Dan Smoot Report*: "Burns became associated with the National Bureau of Economic Research. In 1945, he succeeded Wesley C. Mitchell as director of research. Mitchell, who had a profound influence on Burns, was affiliated with many Communist fronts. . . Burns is essentially a socialist. *Who's Who in World Jewry 1965*, listed him as a trustee of the Twentieth Century Fund, founded in 1919 by a wealthy Boston merchant, Edward A. Filene, who was affiliated with pro-Communist organizations. . . . As Counselor to the President, Burns has cabinet rank. Ronald L. Ziegler, Nixon's press secretary, says that Burns is the ranking member of the White House staff. Actually, his position amounts to that of Deputy President of the United States."

Arthur Burns is among the half-dozen most prominent conservative economists in the United States. His record as a champion of fiscal sobriety, anti-inflationism, unrigged economic statistics, is about as plain as the faces of Mt. Rushmore. His influence within the Twentieth Century Fund is responsible for the best that the Fund has sought to do. What's more, Smoot knows all this. He is writing for the fever swamps. His integrity is measured by his oh-so-innocent revelation that Burns is—listed in *Who's Who in World Jewry* as a trustee of the Twentieth Century Fund. He is also thus listed in just plain old *Who's Who*. These are the creeps who discredit the conservative and the anti-socialist movements.

—WFB

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JAMES BURNHAM

TO GUARD THE GUARDS

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

Two weeks ago in this space I explained that both the Soviet Union and the United States might be able to achieve a nuclear first-strike capability during the 1970s, and that this would create a strategic situation of extreme instability. A "first-strike capability" means, let me repeat, a strategic weapons force able, if launched first, to knock out enough of the opponent's force to prevent him from inflicting unacceptable damage in retaliation. (The adjective "unacceptable" was dropped two weeks ago.)

Could the Soviet Union and the United States come to an agreement that would foreclose this possibility? I concluded that there was one way and only one way in which a genuine agreement could be reached: by the reciprocal introduction of each side's strategic experts into the other side's strategic system. Each side would have to feel certain the other side was not cheating. If it did not feel certain, it would inevitably take counter-measures, no matter what the formal terms of agreement. But nothing could give sufficient assurance except one's own men—enough of them—on the spot; and the spot in this case is the inner workings of the other side's strategic system.

In the Camp of the Enemy

How many men would be needed? Enough to give the feeling of assurance. The number would probably not have to be very large if they had, as they would have to have, personal immunity, mobility, access to everything relevant to the strategic system and means of communication with the home country.

But isn't this proposal ridiculous? Maybe so, but if nothing else could work, then one must try even the ridiculous. And nothing else could work. New Soviet-American negotiations on arms control are supposed to start this summer. Conducted within the usual limits, they are not going to foreclose the possibility of the two first-strike capabilities or even have much effect on "slowing the arms race." They will at most alter the forms of the arms race—as the test ban treaty transferred nuclear tests from the atmosphere to the underground. The core of the difficulty is the lack of inspection procedures that can give each side confidence that the other side is complying with whatever agreement has been formally reached. Both sides know that much can be concealed from human and satellite spies. Neither side would trust any sort of international team.

Can we trust the Communists to keep an agreement? Of course not. (And we may be sure they do not trust us.) But if we have our own people so placed that they can see what the Communists are up to, we don't have to trust them. We need trust only our own people—and that we've got to do anyway.

Doesn't this proposal deny the basic opposition between Communist and non-Communist society, and presuppose a general "convergence"? Abstractly this might seem to be entailed, but the relations between human groups are complex. In World War II neither side used poison gas. Groups fundamentally hostile to, even actively at war with each other, may nevertheless cooperate in certain dimensions. The "rules of war"—which, though seldom fully honored, are never totally abandoned—are an obvious instance. Throughout the 1948/49 Berlin blockade, subway, telephone, sewage and other utility services were maintained across zonal borders—not to speak of the black market that did more than the famous Air Lift to keep West Berlin alive. Warring Greek city-states regularly burned each other's grain, but until the end of the Peloponnesian wars did not touch the "strategic" olive trees, which take twenty years to reach bearing age.

It is a fact that the Soviet Union and the United States have, if not cooperated, at any rate followed partly parallel courses in nuclear affairs. Though the Soviet Union certainly wants to defeat the United States and the United States perhaps wants to defeat the Soviet Union, neither has wanted a general nuclear war. Unquestionably neither wants or will want a general nuclear war in which its own destruction as a nation would be involved. Since the two minor blasts of 1945, neither has used a nuclear device as a weapon. Fierce struggle in many dimensions has coincided with a strategic stalemate in nuclear arms. It is this underlying stalemate that may soon be broken, from both directions.

Our Dilemma, and Theirs

This is the background against which a ridiculous proposal becomes serious.

Let us assume that the probability Moscow would accept the proposal is very low—1 per cent, say, or less. Even so, what have we to lose from making the proposal? That is its beauty: there is nothing whatever to lose. The result can be put as a dilemma.

If the Soviet Union accepts, we and the world will have a self-policing arrangement greatly reducing the danger of nuclear war and permitting assured operation of any arms control measures the two powers agree on.

If the Soviet Union refuses, it will present itself to world opinion (including the opinion of its own population) as the intransigent warmonger, saboteur of peace, would-be aggressor, etc. Since the proposal is self-evidently fair to both sides, there will be no way for the Soviet Union to avoid the onus of refusal. And we would be left in no worse case than before: doing our best with more and better hardware.

To judge the power of my proposal, turn it around. Suppose it were to be put forward by the Soviet Union. Where would that leave the United States? □

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Today, four years later, John Lindsay is tired, too. What happened to Lindsay's impossible dream of getting fun city moving again? Is New York really ungovernable? Or does the fault lie in Lindsay himself?

Is John Lindsay Ungovernable?

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

If the typical New Yorker's nightmare were a one-act play, the script might run something like this. A monstrous bulldozer chugs and clanks to the edge of the tar pit and pushes New York City over the brink. The driver sits atop the machine, the same one he rode through Queens last winter, and stares off at nothing in particular. He shakes his head slowly, then opens a paper bag from which he takes a blintz, a slice of pizza, a ham hock, and a jug of Irish coffee. He is a handsome man. His hair is John Kennedy's through which millions of American women once yearned to run barefoot. The face is leaner now, deeply creased and tired. And the eyes, especially at first glance, are fine, something of Paul Newman in them, perhaps some deep but evasive pain lingering from boyhood as they look at you, the real you. But there's a flaw. The wrinkled brow, the pursed lips, a hint of vacuity behind those appealing eyes, almost as if it weren't soulfulness at all, just myopia. It's not Jack Kennedy or Paul Newman. It's Huntz Hall, the dense Bowery Boy about whose head Leo Gorcey used to rain blows. He tosses aside the remains of his ethnic lunch, climbs off the bulldozer, and stares at New York City sinking slowly into the tar pit. It's John Lindsay, and he seems to be speaking: "I guess it's ungovernable after all," he mumbles in his curiously prissy voice. He moves closer, slips on the half-eaten blintz, and follows the City to extinction.

ONLY A DREAM, of course, but like all dreams it has its objective correlative. For a funny thing happened to John Lindsay on his way to the White House. He tripped over Fun City, and as a result his aspirations for national office may have gone the way of the Dodo. New York is, as everyone knows by now, an appalling mess, the most unattractive place this side of Minsk. And it is getting worse, not the least credit for which must go to Mayor Lindsay and his inept administration.

The failure of the Lindsay administration seems especially striking because of the gulf between the expectations aroused during the 1965 campaign and the reality of what New Yorkers see around them four years later. John Lindsay was fresh when everyone else was tired, and he promised a strong dose of vitality and exciting new directions. Revolutionary plans were ordered drawn up, studies proposed, and upon election Lindsay replaced City Hall careerists with a crew of bright young New Frontier types. The motors raced and the spirits rose. And now, a term later, the motors still race and the wheels spin. But the air is choked by stale exhaust and the vehicle hasn't moved. The bright young men have bailed out, some for greener pastures, others for prison. And no one does a thing.

"The clumsy efforts to unzip bureaucracy have merely succeeded in adding extra layers to a fudged machine," says Nora Sayre, writing in the leftist *New Statesman*. "Lindsay's super-administration of theorists," says a Democratic critic, ". . . has built a Chinese wall between citizens and the city government, adding another—and high-priced—layer of bureaucracy." Norman Frank, public relations counsel for the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, sums it up this way: "In every area that is central to our survival, the city is literally coming apart at the seams. And as crisis piles upon crisis, as tragedy follows on the heels of disaster . . . the official response at the highest levels has consisted of indecisiveness, procrastination, empty gestures, futile attempts at administrative reform and repeated adventures in brinkmanship." Murray Kempton, liberal columnist for New York's ultra-liberal, Lindsay-loving, afternoon newspaper, writes: "The substantive achievement does not exist: under Lindsay, the air is fouler, the streets dirtier, the bicycle thieves more vigilant, the labor contracts more abandoned in their disregard for the public good, the Board of Education more dedicated to the manufacture of illiteracy than any of

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these elements ever were under Wagner."

And how does Lindsay meet this barrage of criticism which cuts across every ideological boundary? At the end of 1966, he characterized his first year in office as "a time of tooling up, so that we can start the production needed during the next three years." At the end of the second year, he pointed out: "You gain some yardage and you're thrown for a loss." At the end of the third year he was silent, having, one assumes, decided to punt. And this year he tells us: "You can just about get things started in four years." His specific accomplishments? The best he could do in his re-election statement was to claim, in a typically empty piece of rhetorical fluff, that "the tide of physical and spiritual decay has been turned." Now it may be true that there is nothing more comforting in tumultuous times than a good old cliché, but one can perhaps be excused for wanting something a bit more specific than an inspirational, scrambled metaphor. What New Yorkers would no doubt most like to be told now is just how one recognizes in New York the turning of a tide of physical, to say nothing of spiritual, decay. There is something suspect about any election campaign based on old saws and the unexamined premise that everyone deserves a second chance.

I: *Beleaguered Defenders*

THE CRITIC of the Lindsay administration faces unique problems, for it is much easier to attack Lindsay for what he has failed to do than to discuss critically what he has accomplished. One wishes to be fair, if for no other reason than that John Lindsay is essentially an attractive man, blessed with a most attractive family, and he appears to be a good man whose instincts are humane. But the fact remains that it is nearly impossible to say anything good about what he has done, for the simple reason that he hasn't done anything. Listen, for instance, to Nora Sayre, speaking in a periodical which cannot be accused of disliking liberals, as she attempts, in the *New Statesman*, to list Lindsay's accomplishments. She can think of three: 1) Lindsay established "the long needed NY City [income] tax," which she sees as "far superior to former Mayor Wagner's habit of floating long-term loans." (Lindsay came out dead against such a tax in the 1965 campaign.) 2) He has proven himself "adept at performing the ceremonial functions of being mayor"; and 3) he has convinced most people "that his instincts are nearly always good—although he rarely knows how to translate them into tangibilities."

Or consider the defense of Lindsay offered by Jeff Greenfield in the May 10 *New Yorker*. The interviewer is Nat Hentoff, Lindsay's favorite journalist, and the piece is an important one, timed as it is to appear shortly before the primary. And there is no better defender of Lindsay than Greenfield. He is young, idealistic, enthusiastic, a former Bobby Kennedy staffer, and a most articulate liberal. (It is Greenfield's primary responsibility at present to attempt rigorously to expunge those clichés of which Lindsay is so fond from his speeches. Lindsay sneaks them back in, of course, but the quality of his speeches has noticeably improved since Greenfield started writing them.) Now Hentoff is the most sympathetic of writers, who obviously plays on the Lindsay team. But as he prods and nudges Greenfield, he has great difficulty in getting a positive statement of accomplishment. "Now I'm not using this as a copout," says Greenfield something less than truthfully, "but the Lindsay administration has come to grips with what amounts to thirty years of chaos." (Campaign tactic #1: it's all the fault of those rascals who ran the preceding administrations.) And precisely how has Lindsay "come to grips"? Well, things are still bad, "but at least a real attempt is being made to *do* something about them . . . The thing is that he and his people are making attempts—even if they're sometimes half-baked—to really come up with solutions." Okay. Forget the solutions. What sort of attempts? "A while ago," says Greenfield, Lindsay was "talking to . . . the Director of the Budget about getting a new kind of sanitation truck . . . I was astonished —and somewhat abashed at my own ignorance—when I heard Lindsay, the mayor of a city with as many problems as this one, talk so precisely about how the damned trucks work." At this point, one fights the temptation to bow one's head in reverence for the Mayor's intimacy with garbage trucks. Many people, after all, impatient creatures that they are, might say that New York would be better off if Lindsay were intimate with larger units of public interest. But the Mayor apparently has a thing about garbage, because when Greenfield is pressed again he returns to the subject, seeing in the purchase of new swill-collecting equipment Lindsay's finest hour. He ends his comments with a restatement of the "attempt" theme. Some problems are difficult, but "what you can do is face them in such a way that the depth of those problems becomes clear to everybody." Some might respond that they already know how deep they are, but it is clear that Greenfield is articulating here a basic defense of Lindsay which will be heard often in the next few months: it's not how you don't solve problems that's important but how you *face* them. (*"We have faced up squarely to hard issues,"* said Lindsay, in his re-election announcement, as if he could have turned away roundly, *"and have asked the city and its people to do the same."* As if we could have too.)

II: *Lives of Crime*

AND SO, there it is. Hardly an impressive defense, but apparently the best that can be mounted in view of Lindsay's failure to do anything about the problems that are tearing New York apart, problems such as crime, welfare and education, problems which Lindsay all but promised to eliminate during the '65 campaign but which in '69 he proposes only to "face." And facing them will not be pleasant. Crime, for instance, flourishes in New York today in a way not thought possible a few years ago. Even the *New York Times* is compelled to observe that "eight million people live in daily fear of mugging, robbery and other violent crimes." The figures are impressive. Every ten hours, the police estimate, there is one murder, two rapes, thirty assaults, 54 robberies, 82 car thefts, 120 burglaries, and 150 thefts. After four years of Lindsay there are approximately three hundred more murders annually than in 1965, fifty thousand more robberies, fifty thousand more burglaries.

New York is a city of fear. Walk up rapidly behind any pedestrian and watch the look of terror he throws over his shoulder when he hears your footsteps. But surely, a San Franciscan or a Denverite might say, you exaggerate. Not a bit. For many, crime has become the dominant aspect of life in New York. Listen, for instance, to this account of a year in the city by Phil Ardery, a NATIONAL REVIEW associate:

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During March, thieves raided the *NR* offices four times. Twice they were thwarted by an alarm system. Once they made off with $1,300 worth of machinery. And the fourth time they settled for a radio, which turned up later, because the burglars happened upon a typewriter in another office two blocks away, decided they couldn't carry all the booty, took the typewriter and left our radio . . . In January a senior editor found his apartment sacked. Last October, the assistant managing editor was relieved of a cartridge player and $150 in stereo tapes when somebody broke into his car. In August a bandit robbed the *NR* bookkeeper at gunpoint of $1,200, and a few months earlier a second senior editor came home to an emptied apartment. An editorial associate has been twice robbed at knifepoint of his wallet. The managing editor has been twice robbed of her purse. The research director has had a quiet year . . . but her uncle was beaten and robbed—on Wall Street. WFB Jr.'s car and typewriter were stolen, two of his brothers have been beaten, one near the *NR* offices, the other on the fashionable East Side, when he tried to dissuade a mugger from picking on a young lady. And then one of our assistant editors, not too long ago, was conked by a bottle when hoodlums jumped him and a companion outside an East Side movie theater . . . Only in the last case was the offender caught, and . . . he couldn't be whisked off to jail—the lad was just sixteen years old. There's not much the police could have done about the burglaries . . . and as for the muggings and holdups, they pleaded insufficient personnel or insufficient power.

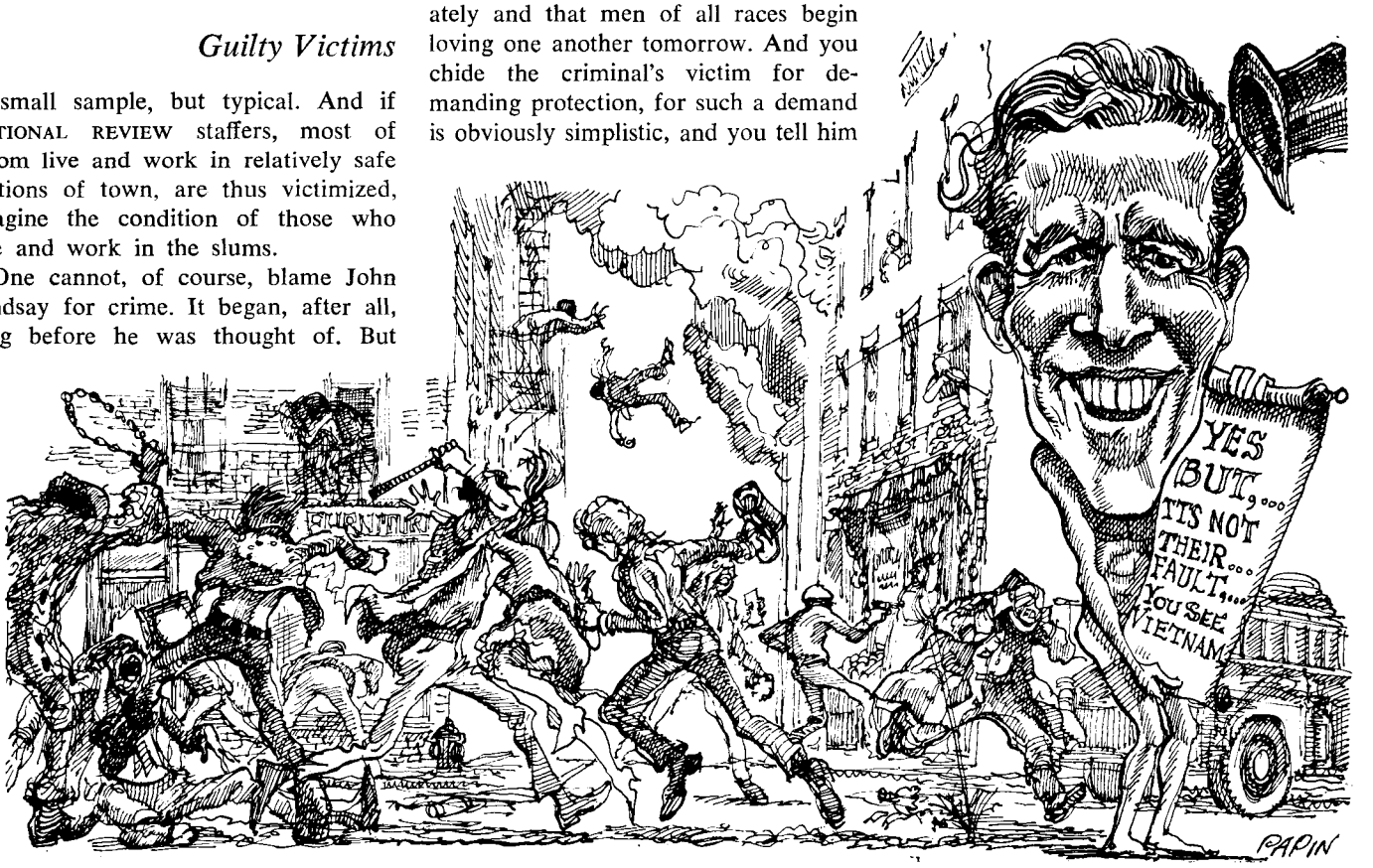
Guilty Victims

A small sample, but typical. And if NATIONAL REVIEW staffers, most of whom live and work in relatively safe sections of town, are thus victimized, imagine the condition of those who live and work in the slums.

One cannot, of course, blame John Lindsay for crime. It began, after all, long before he was thought of. But one can fault him for the way he has attempted to deal with it (or perhaps, more accurately, to *face* it). Lindsay's approach is the standard liberal one. "We have come to be enthralled by simplistic solutions [apprehension and punishment, for instance?] which promise, but cannot deliver, a speedy end to crime; which proclaim that a greater use of naked force will restore domestic peace," says the Mayor in *Life* Magazine. But what precisely is wrong with these "simplistic solutions"? Why, they ignore the *causes*, of course. Crime "has been increasing because of the complex pressures and forces which drive men to crime," explains Lindsay, and not because criminals find their profession increasingly easy to pursue. And what are these complex pressures and forces? All together now. "We cannot speak of nonviolence at home," proclaims Mayor Lindsay at Harvard, "when we are displacing, maiming and killing thousands of Asians for the professed purpose of protecting the peace in a land halfway across the world." Of course. Crime in the streets is caused by Vietnam and white racism. Nothing simplistic about this view. And the result? By logical extension you ignore the criminal who after all is merely the victim of forces and pressures over which he has no control, and you fight crime by demanding that the war in Vietnam be ended immediately and that men of all races begin loving one another tomorrow. And you chide the criminal's victim for demanding protection, for such a demand is obviously simplistic, and you tell him that it's his fault that he's victimized. Thus the Mayor's "anti-burglary education campaign," which points out that if the citizen will fortify his house like a Guadalcanal pill box he will probably not be robbed so frequently (but no guns, of course). The time-honored liberal approach. Pity the criminal, attack the victim. This is the attitude which prompted one journalist recently to write: "What New York aches for is a good government freed of liberal abstractions. Lindsay is the incarnation of abstract liberalism, and the results have been chaos."

Cursing Cops

Another result of Lindsay's approach to crime-fighting has been the demoralization of the New York police force. Since contemporary liberal doctrine holds that the police be viewed as we view the British soldiers who took part in the Boston Massacre—the symbol, in Lindsay's words, of "the official terror of the state"—Lindsay campaigned vigorously for a Civilian Review Board, a measure doomed to defeat, knowing that his advocacy would do no harm to his national reputation as a liberal. Other indications of Lindsay's attitude toward the police—lower entrance standards for the force; lack of complete background investigations for prospective patrolmen (and the



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subsequent hiring of men with criminal records); inadequate training; the use of cadets on beats which require experienced officers, for instance—all, as ex-police lieutenant Herbert Klein has pointed out (*NR*, May 6, 1969), have led to a lowering in police morale. And thus the hitherto unbelievable spectacle of New York's Finest actually conducting a slowdown. And thus the muttered curses that the mention of Lindsay's name brings from any patrolman. And thus the comment of one young police officer that he is ashamed to tell his neighbors how he makes his living. Hardly an atmosphere, in the words of the 1965 Conservative candidate, to encourage policemen "to lust after the apprehension of criminals even as politicians lust after the acquisition of votes."

John Lindsay is not just incapable of dealing with crime; often, in fact, he seems almost to encourage it. As the activities of demonstrators at such places as the City College of New York become overtly criminal, for instance, Lindsay finds himself not only unable to act but in the embarrassing position of actually giving moral support to the criminals. "On issue after issue," said Lindsay to the Ripon Society, "it has been the dissidents—the 'radicals,' if you will, that have touched basic, urgent issues." His response to the bloody clashes at CCNY was characteristic: he doubted that unrest on campuses could end before the Vietnam war was finished. And what about those smashed-in heads, those firebombs, the sheer terror of the whole situation? Unreal, of course. What is real is what is going on in Southeast Asia.

Crime does very well indeed in New York, and this by itself is enough to discredit the Lindsay administration in the eyes of anyone who can admit that what he sees around him is real. No government can be thought of as successful when the people it governs are all statistically nubile victims of marauding criminals. "The protection of the individual against the criminal is the first and highest function of government," said the Conservative candidate in 1965. "The failure of government to provide protection is nothing less than the failure of government."

III: *The Welfare City*

LINDSAY promised to do something about welfare. Between 1965 and 1968, according to HEW, the number of New York City welfare recipients rose 81 per cent from four hundred thousand to one million. During the same period, Chicago experienced a 24 per cent increase, Philadelphia 37 per cent, Cleveland 22 per cent. New York now pays out nearly $2 billion of its $6-billion-plus budget in relief checks. (Former Controller Abe Beame predicts that by the Seventies, if the rate of increase of expenditures continues to rise as it has under Lindsay, the city will require a $16-billion budget.) New York's welfare population by itself currently forms a city as large as Cleveland or Baltimore, and it is growing by about twenty thousand new clients each month. If all the people on relief in New York were to set up their own city, it would be the fastest-growing city in the country, and one writer has projected that at the Lindsay rate of growth, over half the population of New York would be on relief by the mid-Seventies.

The migration of the incompetent and the disadvantaged to New York is not hard to understand, since it is now possible for a welfare family to clear $200 more per month than it could clear in, say, Mississippi. New York relief clients live on what amounts to mandated welfare, and they are even encouraged to grumble if there is no yearly increase. And the politicians have begun to discuss a "welfare constituency."

Lindsay's treatment of the welfare problem, like his approach to crime, is characteristically ineffectual. Consider, for instance, his speech to the 44th annual Congress of Cities. The primary problem, as he sees it, is that low-skill people are pouring into the cities, where they can't find jobs, and thus must go on welfare rolls. What should we do about it? Lower business taxes? Discourage immigration? Hit the labor unions' discriminatory codes? Heavens, no. "The crisis of our cities can be attributed to a large degree to the extraordinarily late assumption by the Federal Government of its changing responsibilities to a metropolitan, not an agrarian, nation," says Lindsay. Translation: Let Washington pay for all welfare.

There it is. No real attempt to overhaul the system. Just demand that the Federal Government cough up the money—so that New York can con-

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tinue to raise welfare salaries.

And in the meantime, the responsible, productive wage-earner, the man for whom New York has become increasingly unattractive, continues to foot the bill. Tax him till he screams is the oldest of political maxims. And there is plenty to scream about. In the past decade, New York real estate taxes have risen 38 per cent; water and sewer taxes 110 per cent; miscellaneous other city and state taxes 110 per cent. Over 50 per cent of wage-earning New Yorkers make less than $7,000. Out of this they pay federal taxes, state income taxes, city income taxes, and combined city-state sales taxes. And all this in a city in which it is estimated that a family of four must make $10,000 a year to enjoy a "moderate living." And Lindsay's answer to it all is to raise taxes and to beg for a bigger bite of federal tax monies (and if he should succeed in getting this bite, we can expect within a few years a considerable rise in the federal tax rates). This is the easy solution, of course; the politically expedient solution, but as it becomes increasingly clear that the system is not working, it also becomes clear that the worst possible approach is simply to pour more money into it. And anyway, as Governor Rockefeller recently felt called upon to instruct Mayor Lindsay, money doesn't grow on trees.

IV: *His Own Vietnam*

THE OTHER PROBLEMS of New York remain unsolved (although they are no doubt being *faced*). The air is as unbreathable as ever, the streets are filthy, and the traffic is a nightmare. Trucks double-park, jamming crosstown streets and backing up cars for blocks, and cabbies drive like kamikaze pilots. The only way to get to the west side of Manhattan, former traffic commissioner Henry Barnes once said, "is to be born there." But perhaps the most acute problem of all is the crisis in education and the resulting unrest it has caused.

The Ocean-Hill-Brownsville dispute was not at first the fault of Mayor Lindsay, although he does seem to act as a lightning-rod for calamities, natural and human. There was the transit strike on his inauguration day; the fuel strike that hit town at the same time as the Asian flu; the sanitation strike; the police and firemen's slowdowns; the disastrous February snowstorm and the inability of the Sanitation Department to cope with it ("I may as well be in the Alps," Dr. Ralph Bunche, stranded in his home in Queens, wired the Mayor). The school strike, like the snowstorm, cannot be blamed on Lindsay, but many of the ensuing tensions can.

The Ocean Hill-Brownsville conflict, called by some "Lindsay's Vietnam," began as an experiment in decentralization and the community control of schools. Experimentation was certainly in order. New York slum school pupils can get to the upper grades without learning to read and write, much of the blame for which lies with the educationist establishment and its emphasis on methods, its topheavy, over-centralized bureaucratic structure, and its toleration of unionized incompetents. It was cause for rejoicing that Lindsay could actually see the benefits of reform and threw his full support behind the experiment.

But then the trouble began. The local board decided to transfer some teachers out of the schools under its control, the reason apparently being that the board believed the doctrinaire attitudes of these teachers unfitted them for cooperating with the experiment. Now, these teachers were for the most part Jewish. And they were members of the United Federation of Teachers, the New York empire of which is ruled by a clever man named Albert Shanker, who recognized the threat of locally controlled school boards—the power to hire and fire, for instance. Shanker took his teachers out, and as the strike dragged on, ugly charges of antisemitism were leveled at the Ocean Hill-Brownsville Negro community which were to be answered by equally ugly charges of white racism.

And thus were the real issues obscured. Thanks largely to the machinations of Shanker and the intemperate response to these machinations, what could have been the most significant educational experiment in decades degenerated into an hysterical confrontation between Negro and Jew, and Lindsay found himself caught between the two ethnic groups whose votes he had so assiduously courted. Lindsay summoned orthodox Jewish leaders to his office to tell them he wanted UFT leader Albert Shanker "off his back." Lindsay, recounts one reporter, charged that "New York Jews were destroying his administration," and the Mayor is reported to have said, believe it or not: You people "have made me use up all my Negro credit cards."

The response of the Jewish leaders was bitter. One rabbi suggested absurdly "Lindsay might have been brainwashed by antisemetic literature in assuming that the Jewish community can be controlled by its spiritual leaders." Another said: "We understand the Mayor's problem. He wants to calm his Negroes and get a national reputation of doing well . . ." (The whole business was of course preposterous. John Lindsay is about as antisemitic as David Ben Gurion. Still, in politics, black is beautiful.) And so, drawing the net conclusion that the allegation of antisemitism is the most potent in New York politics, Lindsay began to modify his position, lashing out at two black teachers for their role in the reading of an anti-Jewish poem written by a fifteen-year-old girl. Neither man "has any place teaching," said the Mayor, which statement brought the same kind of flak from militant Negroes as had been fired by Jews. The Mayor, said one teacher, had "to appease the powerful Jewish financiers of the city."

And so Lindsay, caught between two groups, the votes of both of which he needs to be re-elected, ended by taking no position whatever, obviously hoping the whole thing would blow away. And, characteristically, he now attempts to pass the buck. He sums up the situation in his *New York Post* interview:

"We created the Human Resources Commission . . . Then Bundy came in with his recommendations and we called on the Duryeas and Rockefellers to do something about it" (which, much to Lindsay's dismay, Rockefeller did, when, fed up with the procrastination of Lindsay and others, he sat down to write the decentralization bill). The basic question? "This is a problem that state, local and Federal Government have—making up for the mistakes of the past century and half century." Once again, it's all the fault of those rascals who came before John, and the problem must be dealt with in Albany and Washington. Especially Washington.

V: *But That Image!*

PLAYBOY: *Are you annoyed by the comparison of yourself with Kennedy?*

Lindsay: *Not in the slightest.*

One cannot fault Lindsay for attempting to create an image, and the model he has chosen is a proven one. Lindsay is an ambitious politician, and the concept of image is primary in contemporary politics. Nevertheless, it

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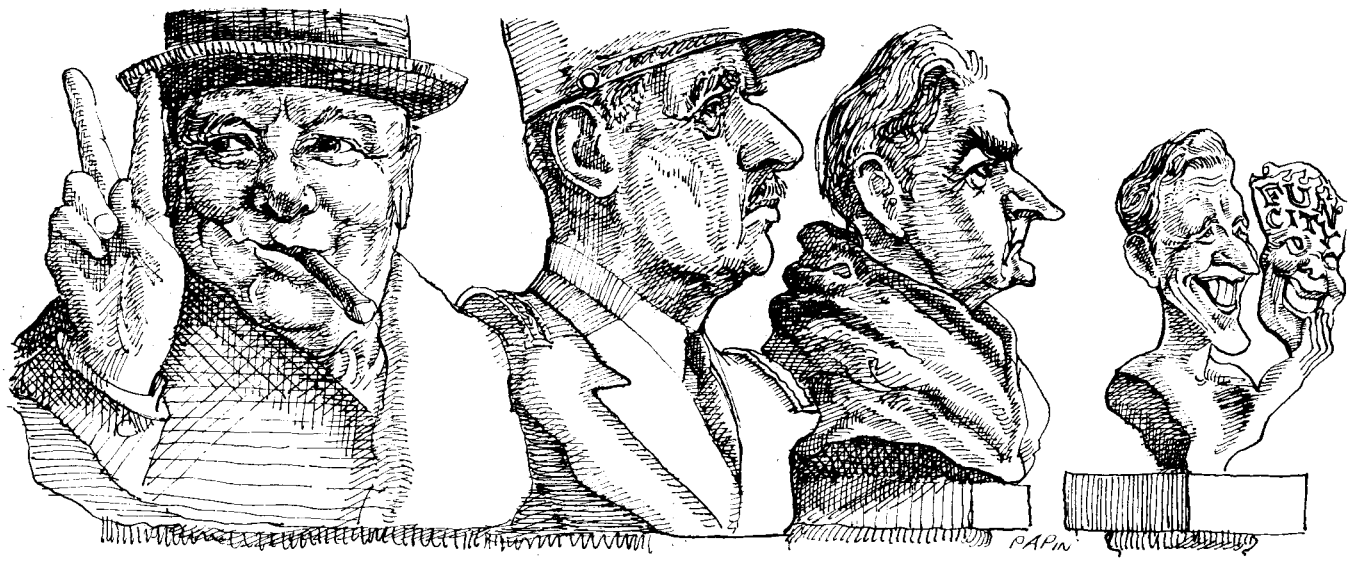

should be possible to analyze that image, to get to the man beneath it. A political image at its best, the public projection of the real man, reflects those good qualities which make its bearer fit to govern others, and intensifies these qualities, sharpens them so that voters can make intelligent judgments about the politician they are asked to elect. The images projected by Winston Churchill, for instance, and Charles de Gaulle, were *true* images, in that they reflected their qualities as men. In other cases—Eugene McCarthy's, for example—there is a great disparity between the image projected and the man projecting it. Millions of Americans saw McCarthy as a nice liberal softie, a man of heart and sensibility. Only a few, such as Norman Mailer, recognized the steely-eyed Jesuit peering out from behind that image.

In the case of John Lindsay, the task of getting at the man through the image is especially difficult, perhaps because one suspects there isn't a great deal there. The *New Statesman* article mentioned that Lindsay's ability to perform the ceremonial functions of his office is his strong point. His strength, in other words, lies in appearance. But what of the reality? As one listens to Lindsay, as one attempts to assess the quality of his thought, one thinks of H. G. Wells' comment on the novels of Henry James: ". . . like a church lit but with no congregation to distract you, with every light and line focused on the high altar. And on the altar, very reverently placed, intensely there, is a dead kitten, an egg shell, a piece of string."

Lindsay is thus structured. But what of the high altar of character and mind which the structure houses? The real Lindsay is a suspiciously flawed thing, and the common charge is that he is an intellectual lightweight attempting to pass as a Renaissance man. This is a potent charge, for it suggests pretensions and absurd posturings, both of which are commonly greeted with laughter. And it is politically fatal for a man such as John Lindsay to be laughed at. Thus, in the Nat Hentoff *New Yorker* profile, much of the thrust of Jeff Greenfield's long statement is aimed at discrediting those critics who would scoff at Lindsay's IQ, while at the same time attempting to prove that John is smarter than we think he is.

Guest or Aeschylus

Lindsay's intellectual powers are never more suspect than when he discourses on his love of reading. At such time the tone becomes strained, and oddly defensive, the comments self-conscious, the choice of words oafish, the examples far-fetched. In an earlier *New Yorker* profile, he says: "Traveling around the city, if I'm not dictating or if there's not a conference going on in the car, all I do is read things." What sort of things? "I try not to miss the *Congressional Record*. In a way, it's like reading the Sears Roebuck catalogue."

Greenfield doesn't deal with this sort of comment. Instead, he chooses to take to task those who find such statements unusually bubble-headed, "so-called well-informed intellectuals," "people who don't really know a hell of a lot themselves," who "read the *New York Review of Books*." Now it is refreshing to hear a little skepticism directed at the *New York Review of Books* from the Left. One wishes to caution Mr. Greenfield about sneering too openly at "so-called intellectuals," however. These were, after all, the main target of George Wallace during the last campaign, and one fears that if Mr. Greenfield doesn't watch it he'll begin to talk about pointy-headed college professors who can't park their bicycles straight. It would be a shame to have to label the Lindsay men as anti-intellectual.

Greenfield establishes Lindsay's high seriousness and intellectual capacities by analogy. The comparison is with Bobby Kennedy. When Greenfield first met Lindsay after the assassination, "Lindsay spoke very somberly about where the country was going. He impressed me with how concerned he was." Lindsay, like Bobby Kennedy, is somber and concerned. *He cares.* "I also found out that the cliché of his being a 'lightweight'—a guy who looked good but didn't have much brains—just didn't apply." Why not? "Well, during the campaign last spring we were working on a speech and he [Bobby Kennedy] said, 'Why not use this line from *Agamemnon*?' And he pulled the book out of his pocket . . . Lindsay's the same way. He'll suggest lines from poems he has been reading." At this point the subject switches, and we're left with the tantalizing picture of Lindsay, like Bobby Kennedy, whipping out his *Agamemnon*, poet as well as statesman. Now Lindsay does no doubt read poetry (asked by an interviewer from *Book World* if he ever reads poetry, he replied: "Once in a while, I do. I've been reading Alfred Lord Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* recently. You know, the story of King Arthur") but one suspects that he'd be more likely to pull out Edgar Guest than Aeschylus.

Lindsay may or may not be the reincarnation of Bobby Kennedy, but

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TWO LETTERS

Dear Stalin, Dear Brezhnev, Dear . . .

JEAN JEFFRIES

In the March 30, 1938 issue of the New Republic, *Bruce Bliven, the editor, published an open letter to Joseph Stalin which read, in part:*

THE LATEST of the famous Moscow trials has ended. Eighteen of the defendants, after pleading guilty with abject self-abasement, have been executed. Three others have received prison sentences averaging twenty years each. . . .

"At the same time, the cables from Moscow tell us that fresh purges and additional trials are contemplated. I take it for granted that your heart sinks at this prospect, as do those of millions of other persons throughout the world.

"What I now urge upon you is a revision of your policy to take account of world opinion. Much has already been lost, but not everything. . . .

"I suggest, first, that in future treason trials, a procedure should be followed more compatible with that of the countries under the Anglo-Saxon or the Roman law tradition. Soviet court procedure in most types of trials is admirable; it is only in these treason cases that the actual trial takes place in the form of long preliminary hearings at which confessions are made under conditions never revealed to the public. It may be unjust of the Americans, for example, to suspect that torture is used in these cases; but in the United States there is a nationwide and long continued tradition of police brutality, of extorting confessions by torture in every sort of case from petty larceny to murder. It is inevitable that this country should look with suspicion upon confessions obtained in secret hearings, however plausible these confessions may be on their face.

"My second point is one that will be particularly hard for you to understand, yet it is of high importance. I suggest that in the future you shall not merely present to the world testimony which many people in all countries find incredible, without some attempt to make its credibility apparent. . . . Repeated experience has proved that . . . it is not enough simply to publish verbatim text of the open court proceedings: so much of the most important aspect of every trial has been that part conducted in preliminary secret investigation. I suggest that on matters regarding which almost the whole world is skeptical, you should publish every scrap of documentary evidence that is available, including transcripts of all preliminary interrogations. . . .

"My . . . final suggestion will be still harder for you to accept. I propose that in view of the great emergency that now exists you should make an important change in the internal organization of the USSR. My recommendation is that you offer an amnesty to all opponents who have not yet been guilty of any crime under the normal civil code, on a pledge on their part of future good behavior. I suggest further that these elements be organized into a formal and legal opposition. . . . I need not underline the difference that would be made in foreign opinion. I need not underline, either, the fact no loyal friend of the Soviet Union could believe that such a development would do harm to the future of the USSR.

"There is one other thing you might do. I will not add it formally to the list above, because I realize there is probably no chance of its being accepted, and I do not propose to make my suggestions mere breath in the wind. Many men throughout the world say there is incongruity in your appeal against the dictators because you are yourself a dictator. You could answer them once and finally by withdrawing from the public life of your country for a stipulated length of time, perhaps a year or eighteen months. . . . I am profoundly convinced that nothing you could do for the USSR by remaining in office for that length of time could be as great a service as the demonstration that among 190 million comrades no one is indispensable, that those foreign critics who lump together 'Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini,' have been and are altogether wrong."

In the March 14, 1968 issue of the New York Review of Books, *the following letter to Leonid I. Brezhnev appeared:*

"The recent trial, conviction and subsequent sentencing of Yuri Galanskov, Aleksandr Ginzburg, Aleksei Dobrovolsky and Vera Lashkova on charges of 'anti-Soviet agitation' is a matter of grave concern to us.

"The prolonged incarceration of the defendants without trial; the arbitrary exclusion of the public from an allegedly open trial, the atmosphere in the courtroom, and the conduct of the trial itself; the severity of the sentences; and the complete lack of coverage from the Soviet press—all are grim reminders of another era in Soviet history, a period which we hope your regime has no intention of reviving.

"Mr. Secretary, we who sign this protest urge you to reopen this case to a public and impartial trial. While all of us are on public record as sharing your opposition to the U.S. military intervention in Vietnam, we cannot condone the trial of the four defendants in Moscow. Whatever the merits of the case, are these four not entitled to an open and fair trial under rights guaranteed by the Soviet Constitution?

"To reopen this case would be both a statesmanlike gesture and a hopeful indication of the direction of Soviet society.

"With due respect, Mr. Secretary, we are,

(Signed by, among others, Noam Chomsky, William Sloane Coffin Jr., David Dellinger, Michael Ferber, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Allen Ginsberg, Mitchell Goodman, Paul Goodman, Michael Harrington, Nat Hentoff, Denise Levertov, Robert Lowell, Dwight Macdonald, Norman Mailer, Carl Marzani, David MacReynolds, Carey McWilliams, Russ Nixon, Conor Cruise O'Brien, Marcus Raskin, Robert Scheer, Susan Sontag and Arthur I. Daskow.)"

IRONICALLY, the two letters appeared almost exactly thirty years apart.

Wonder who'll write the letter in 1998. □

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STUDENT UNREST

A graduate student who was in college from the freedom rides of the early Sixties through the riots and disruptions of the past couple of years explains the hows and whys of today's student unrest

The Un-silent Generation

JOHN ROTHCHILD

IT WOULD BE UNFAIR to attribute folk-rock, hippies (both flowered and deflowered), gurus, free universities, acid heads and love-ins to one revolutionary book, called *Baby and Child Care*, written over twenty years ago. Even though Dr. Spock, its author, has lately himself not been willing, or able, to adjust to the Vietnam war and the system which sustains it, the intent of his book was not to create maladjustment or disorder. Besides that, Dr. Spock is over thirty, and therefore cannot be in the vanguard of the revolution.

But while Dr. Spock's trial symbolized for many students, especially the vocal New Left, their total rejection of the "system" and its war, his book tries to create a totally different kind of attitude, a different kind of American family. The old Dr. Spock, on paper at least, was a father to all of us in this student generation.

Dr. Spock's book mirrored the general feelings of permissiveness, freedom and optimism which brought up the generation of the "war babies," the most privileged, affluent and educated generation in American history. It created the generation which would catch up with Sputnik, patch up the South, and liven up the intellectual vacuum created by the Silent Generation.

But, in its wars for peace on American campuses, the vanguard of my generation's students has become the most outspoken, violent and alienated group of young people the country has ever produced. The sounds of the Silents in the 1950s, have erupted into the sounds of dissent and rage, from the simple shrillness of Joan Baez, to the complex cacophony of Acid Psychedelic Rock, to the more natural sounds of rocks crashing through administration building windows. The most important question on American campuses today is why these sounds are happening.

The students who have become involved in left-wing protests and movements since the Berkeley Free Speech movement of 1965 do not, to the reassurance of many Americans, represent a majority. Many people who equate passivity with patriotism are glad to see the mass of students remains passive, and attribute the student protests to outside agitation. While there may be some outside agitation, it is clear that most students involved in the movement are agitating from within. Some of them are what psychologist Kenneth Kenniston calls "Inburns," not able to express themselves in the traditional social channels, quiet and isolated. Others are loud and angry.

It is true that in numbers, the disaffected students do not represent a majority. The majority does little to oppose them, perhaps through some kind of fear, but perhaps also because the vocal few are expressing the doubts and anxieties of the many.

But whatever the thoughts of the majority, the vanguard of the movement, the students who do the most marching, yelling, in-ing and pot smoking, come from economically successful families, have better than average grades, and generally have top academic backgrounds. Their leading protests have happened at Berkeley and Columbia, not second-rate universities inhabited by mediocrity, but the best that America has to offer in the academic world.

It may be that most Americans are satisfied to know that the mass of students still worries about football games, getting good grades, and the only system they would like to overthrow is their digestive system on Sunday mornings. But the students who are preoccupying the news, who have become a significant social problem and political force, and who are causing some changes in the university structure are the dissatisfied Left, at once the most privileged and the most unhappy group of young people in the country. To understand students in 1969, we must try to understand why they are this way.

Some of the student political action of 1968-69 was planned, and much more of it dreamt about, during the summer of 1967 at the National Student Association annual meeting, held on the University of Maryland campus. A group of the delegates was meeting in the basement of Queen Anne's, one of the buildings used by the convention. As their meeting started, they took off their shoes and socks and lay down in a circle in the middle of the tile floor. Then they touched feet, to experience how

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other people's feet really feel. Then, they got up and walked around the room with their eyes closed, bumping into each other to experience the touch of other people's bodies. After that, a group of them became an octopus and, with eight tentacles outstretched, tried to capture the other people in the room. Finally, they all split up into small groups, and each group tried to think up one word to describe how a rock actually felt.

Freedom Trip

When asked the purpose of their meeting, one of them said, "its contact, its warmth. There's no warmth up there." Up there was the large meeting hall where most NSA delegates were involved in more traditional political proceedings, like passing resolutions and voting on officers. But for the delegates in the basement of Queen Anne's, the traditional meeting held no possibility for real human contact and warmth. "We are doing our own thing here," one of them said, "and up there, you can't be yourself."

Whether up there is an NSA meeting, a political gathering, an administration building, a draft board or a classroom, much of the feeling of Queen Anne's is present in student protests over a variety of social problems.

Many students find big business and big education too cold and too organized. They feel left out, important cogs, human self-sacrifices to the memory of Henry Ford and American organization. Unlike their parents, many of whom feel the same way, the students have not hesitated to destroy parts of institutions which do not satisfy their needs, and at the same time to try and create new ones which do.

Such has been the spirit behind the growth of spontaneous institutions like the be-in and the love-in. As members of unions banded together for economic strength, to give them collectively what they did not have individually, so students are banding together for psychological strength. If you must create a love-in to love, or a be-in to be, then something is lacking in your day-to-day societal relations. Students are creating be-ins and love-ins to compensate for what is lacking in real life.

Another institution which grew simultaneously with the be-in was the pot and acid (LSD) party. Drugs, like be-ins, bring people together without forcing those people, so students say, into organizational "bags." Drugs, besides bringing people together, also accomplish the opposite effect of splitting people apart in their own dream worlds. It is this apartness in togetherness, a collective "doing your own thing," that appeals to many students. College, like drugs, they say, should be a collective doing your own thing. However, the structure of the university makes it imperative that you do "their" thing. This is what the student vanguard is fighting against. On LSD trips, they say, you can always drive your own bus. The LSD trip is a new kind of student freedom ride.

The change from sit-in to love-in, from freedom ride to freedom trip, describes a basic change in the student activist movement in the early Sixties to the movement as it is now. The change has not been sudden or complete. Protests themselves, against social injustice, still contain many of the same elements and intentions that they did ten years ago. But in many cases, the nature of student participation in such "causes" has changed radically.

In civil rights, the goals of 1963 were legal and tangible, the battlefields were distant and therefore not threatening, and the *cause célèbre*, the American Negro, accepted the white leadership of the movement. For the activist student at that time, civil rights was not only a just cause, but also an extremely satisfying one. He planned and carried out the bus rides, marches and sit-ins which dramatized positive and visible moves taken by the Federal Government to support him. He was experiencing adventure in a movement where his presence meant something.

Six years later, the Negro has done exactly what the white liberal of 1963 told him to do. He has become more independent, more demanding and more vociferous. But like the mothers and fathers who are rejecting their sons and daughters, who are products of the very environment that the parents provided, the white liberal is put off by the Negro movement, which he helped create, but which no longer includes him. Although there is still some civil rights work being done, notably by universities which are located on the fringes of ghettos, the liberal student is generally not sure of his place in the new movement. The death of Martin Luther King, the rise of black power, and the eruption of violence in the ghetto have made the participation of the white student in civil rights organizing more difficult. Since the battlefield is now not Another Country, but his own urban backyard, the white student can no longer view the civil rights movement in a totally self-righteous fashion. He has had to face up to his own prejudices and difficulties with Negro society, his role as a privileged white in America. The goals of his action have become hazy, undefined and sometimes not even thought out. His participation in the movement is often painful, unrewarding and unnoticed. So, the white liberal student has largely turned his energies elsewhere.

The American Nightmare

The most obvious elsewhere is the war against the war in Vietnam. Throughout history, the intellectual class in general has always chosen the poorest and most humble of people through which to express its criticisms of society. Revolutionaries like Che Guevara and Fidel Castro, both heroes of the student Left, were well-educated Latin Americans, and worked for a liaison with the poorest, most backward farmers of Cuba and Bolivia. In like manner, the New Left has chosen the American Negro and the peasant of Vietnam as the focal points of his protest. As civil rights died as a clear-cut issue, so Vietnam grew. The alternatives of Vietnam are still clearer, the battlefield is still distant, and the war has a direct impact on students largely because of the draft and the role of universities in defense research. In a short period of time, students have succeeded, through a long series of protests and civil disobedience, in changing national opinion considerably on the Vietnam question.

Two armies of students have developed in this anti-war. One group sees Vietnam as a political issue and is at work trying to change the current policy. Some students in this group helped Senator Eugene McCarthy begin his primary campaign. Others organized "we won't go" and other draft resistance movements. Others have tried to force their universities to abandon large defense contracts, to prohibit corporations which produce war machinery from recruiting on campus and to do away with ROTC programs. Others are actively trying to create a third political party for 1972.

Lately, there has developed another kind of anti-Vietnam army, a curious freak-out contingent started by author Ken Kesey, who also turned the Hell's Angels motorcycle gang onto acid. It began when Kesey, scheduled to speak at an anti-Vietnam rally, got up and

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played the harmonica instead. This group of students sees the Vietnam war as an act in the theater of the absurd. It is not a political issue which involves debate or policy. It is rather the American nightmare, something to be made fun of, but not really taken seriously. Country Joe and the Fish sing, in honky-tonk style: *"Be the first one on your block to see your boy sent home in a box."* This group of mimes deals with Vietnam on a more or less personal level, choosing to take LSD before the physical and dress up in Revolutioinary War costumes. The world, to them, has become a fantasy, and Vietnam, a bad war movie serial.

The focal point of both of these armies' attack last year was Lyndon Johnson. As the war got longer and uglier, the image of Johnson, like the Picture of Dorian Gray, became more and more distorted and correspondingly ugly. Barbara Garson, a Yale graduate student, wrote a popular play, *MacBird!*, which compared the President to a foul-mouthed Macbeth, and implied that Johnson had helped kill John F. Kennedy to further his own political motives.

It is clear that the anti-Johnson movement on U.S. campuses gained far more support than the antiwar movement, although in some cases they were the same thing. Students, like less-educated adults, have in general criticized leaders' personalities rather than the policies they represent. Johnson had great early appeal merely because he was the Vice President to the student prince, John Kennedy. Humphrey lost his student support because he was Johnson's Vice President.

When Johnson announced he would not seek office again, the reaction of a group of Vassar girls, just back from spring vacation, was "ding, dong, the wicked witch is dead." There was universal glee on college campuses at the announcement. But the glee quickly became a dour silence. Students realized for the first time that even with the goat gone, the scape was still there.

Otherworldly Issues

During the late spring and early summer, Allard K. Lowenstein, self-appointed Socrates to the United States Government, who had great drawing power on Eastern campuses, was able to turn the anti-Johnson feeling into the pro-McCarthy movement. However, the death of Bobby Kennedy, the defeat of McCarthy, and the resignation of Johnson left the anti-Vietnam movement without villains or heroes.

The student world has always had its heroes, but the student New Leftist admires a much different type of hero than did his predecessors. The optimism of the early movement did not totally survive the funerals of John and Robert Kennedy, of Martin Luther King and of Bernard Fall. Perhaps as an antidote to these real losses, or perhaps as a leadership to the absurdist wing of the antiwar effort, the new student heroes seem much more like ethereal spirits than like men. Che Guevara became alive in the student world only after he was physically dead. The Indian yogis and Allen Ginsberg are somehow already halfway between this reincarnation and the next. There is an unreal quality about the new heroes of the student Left. They are not athletes or cigar-chomping politicians or hard-fisted movie types. Little is known about their personal lives. They motion toward a world of the spirits.

The student issues themselves are also no longer real, in terms of being black and white. Civil rights is a complicated, personal issue. Vietnam is for many just a bad trip, a faraway nightmare. The heroes are spiritualists. The drugs somehow add to this otherworldly feeling that pervades campuses. The activist is traditionally a leader who has set goals, who knows the methods of change and basically where his policy will take him. But the new student activist has little idea where he is going, often is concerned not with the results of his action, but only with the doing of it.

The New Leftist is staying home on the campus to do most of his radicalizing. As one NSA delegate said: "We are tired of fighting foreign wars. We are now tilting at our own windmills."

But even the campus windmills are lost in the fog. A few years ago the battle, as in civil rights, was primarily legal—more dorm visiting hours for women, perhaps the abolition of anti-drinking laws, or the modification of class attendance rules. These fights are still continuing on many campuses. But on the more advanced campuses, the battle has become much more subjective. Student groups are attacking the problem of the value of education and its purpose in our society. They are criticizing the big university for being a ward of the state, teaching the methods and ideas which will further the American system, instead of somehow opposing that system.

In his fight on the campus, the New Leftist has borrowed the techniques he learned from civil rights and applied

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them to himself. At the same time, he has begun to see himself as part of a discriminated-against minority—one student last year said: "We are just niggers"—partially because he sees the university structure as one in which real change is difficult, in which his own education is involved. He does not want to study what his society wants him to study, just as many Negroes do not want to be what white society wants them to be. The student radical tries to find substitutes, a new and more "meaningful" kind of education. This is evidenced by the free universities and free classes that have cropped up in many schools. At San Francisco State, students sponsored and took courses in such topics as the Kennedy assassination, ghetto organizing and black power. But most of the time, the student activist sees himself pushed around and shoved to the back of the classroom. He sees himself as disadvantaged.

The reasons for this are too complex and personal to be fully understood, even by students themselves. However, it is clear that there are both positive and negative aspects to the protests, things the student gets out of them, and things he is defending himself against through them. What he gets out of them in many cases has to do with a human need. Students were brought up with great personal freedom, in homes where they were more than likely central to the family life. In the university world, they are nothing. In many cases, the large university does not satisfy the student's need to be a person with a central meaning and importance. In fighting against the institution he gives himself a name, a purpose and a place.

The defensive value of the protests has to do with the nature of modern American society itself. It was once believed that a certain level of education meant a certain kind of social importance. Many students feel that this is no longer true. American universities, much more than their European counterparts, have always tried to give a student skills necessary for his success in later life. But the student of today is often not sure of what his place in life is and whether he has any importance in it at all. The monetary rewards are not totally satisfying, and being just another doctor or just another lawyer is becoming more and more meaningless. He looks around him and shudders at the sheer magnitude of the masses of students around him, in the same boat. He is afraid he will not find a central or important place in society, something which a higher education once promised. He does not know what to study that will give him individuality. His search is for something more personal, closer to himself and his own life.

Height of Helplessness

Many people have begun comparing the actions of the American New Left to those of the Latin American university students. Beyond the fact that in Latin America students have for many years carried out violent protests, it is also true that in the stratified social systems of many Latin American countries, education does not necessarily mean social prestige. Students in Latin America rarely learn anything which would really prepare them for socially useful jobs. For technical education, most of the students go abroad. Generally, the Latin American student does not know what his place in society will be, or whether it will really be rewarding to study a discipline. The chances for advancement are slim, and society does not venerate highly skilled technicians as much as other societies do. University politics gives him a chance to express himself and his doubts. But after this period of radicalism, most of the most vocal Latin American students become very conservative businessmen in later life. Because of the very size and nature of our own technical society, the American student is experiencing some of the same feelings about himself. The Latin Americanization of U.S. student politics may be happening for much the same reasons.

Why must students destroy when they protest? Why are the New Leftists reacting in many cases with scorn and violence? Part of the reason is that students have found that violence makes news, and the fear of bad publicity often moves administrations much more than reasoned arguments can. Part of it is the expression of resentment and hate at the impersonal system of the university. But it goes deeper than this, too. As there is an element of suicide, of self-destruction, in the Negro desire to burn down his own ghetto, the same feeling exists in the New Leftist who throws rocks at buildings on his own campus. Regardless of how he feels about his university, the radical, like the more passive student, is enrolled there. He is enjoying its privileges and the immunity it provides from many social duties, like the draft. The student feels comfortable in this, but also hates himself for being a part of a system that isn't more perfect. He is trapped, he serves an institution and enjoys its fruits, and yet feels deeply guilty and deeply dissatisfied with it. Somehow, in destroying the university, he is also destroying the part of himself that he

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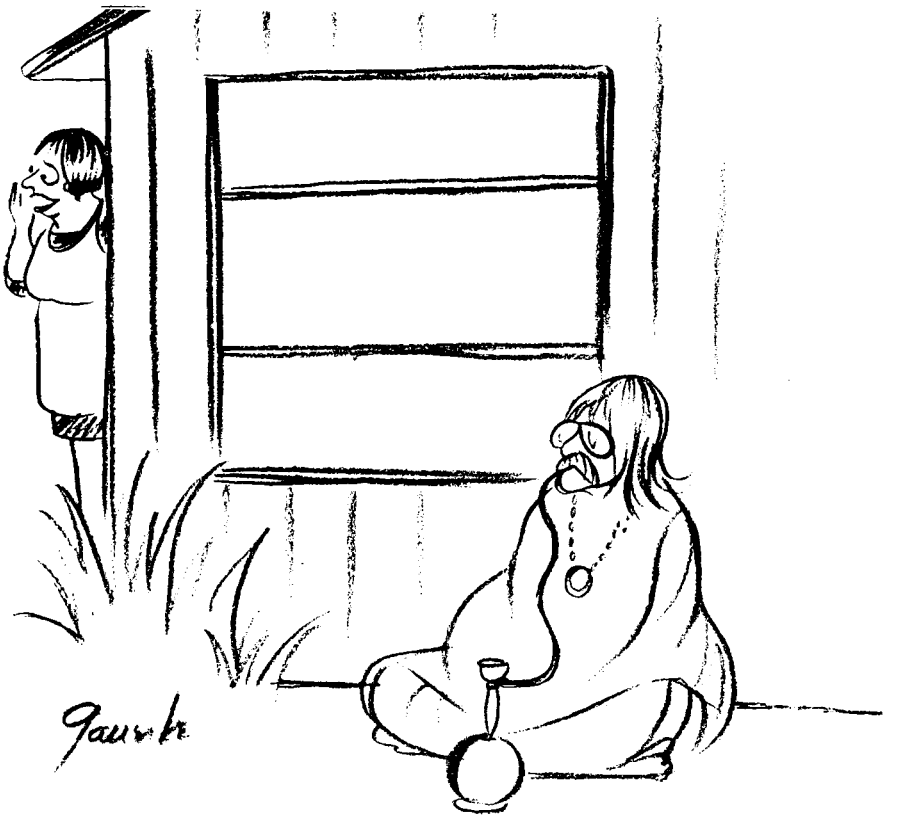

"Henree! Henry Aldrich!"

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THE SAINTS GO MARCHING OUT

St. Christopher, We're on your Side

FARLEY CLINTON

AT THE LATE general council of the Roman Catholic bishops (Vatican II) there was no tendency at all toward minimizing devotion to the saints. On the contrary, John XXIII had revealed his enthusiastic desire to culminate the proceedings with the canonization of Pope Pius IX, and as it turned out they *did* culminate with an announcement by Paul VI (received with universal applause) that Pius XII and John XXIII himself should be candidates for this final and irrevocable honor. In the meantime, John and Paul between them added some 32 saints to the calendar, in a series of ceremonies which John had planned to increase the joy of the Council. The only complaints came from Cardinal Suenens of Belgium who wished to see more saints from the non-Latin countries; and following out this idea with his usual literalness of mind, Paul VI has now reformed the Roman Catholic calendar of saints.

In doing this he has been guided by the same principle which has directed his selection of new cardinals. It is at this moment possible, if a new pope is required, for the cardinals to elect a prelate from New Zealand, Madagascar, Detroit, Upper Volta, Ceylon, the Congo, Indonesia, Algiers, Los Angeles, Winnipeg, Edinburgh, Alexandria, Sucre, Guatemala City, Taiwan or one of many, many, many other places where nobody ever expected to find a Roman cardinal. (The next pope will certainly be an Italian, a diplomat from the Curia. Nobody else could begin to cope with the impenetrable tangle of international conflicts which could now arise among the cardinals.) A Frenchman (of course!) was allowed to go over the list of saints commemorated by the universal Church every year—that is, commemorated in Mass and office by every priest who follows the Roman calendar—and rearrange it to his own satisfaction. Accordingly, some 45 or fifty saints from hither and yon have been commended to the attention of the whole Roman Catholic world, for instance, St. Ansgar of Sweden, St. Columban of Ireland, St. Thomas More (who will now virtually replace St. George as the English saint *par excellence*), the French Jesuits massacred in New York and Canada, the black martyrs of Uganda, the martyrs of Japan (the chief of whom is a Mexican, St. Philip of Jesus), etc. etc.

A niche in the calendar is now very difficult to come by, and any saint who could not produce a birth certificate was summarily removed by the French pedant and abandoned to the mercies of the Catholic laity, to be honored or not at their mere pleasure. Are we now to forget St. Christopher, St. Barbara and St. Catherine, because they have no better claims on our notice than 1,700 years of tradition? A few years ago, we recall, it was inaccurately reported in the popular press that the Church had declared that St. Philomena did not exist. That was not quite right; the Church said nothing of the kind. But, certainly, her Mass was cancelled, whatever that means. . . .

But we remember a certain story, a true story, which no French pedant can contradict, which this readjustment of the calendar has for some reason brought to our minds again.

MOTHER Francesca Cabrini was a kind woman, a very tiny creature, with large, dark quiet eyes, which seemed to gaze with an extraordinary serenity beyond the trivial and temporary confusions of human affairs. She was a rather intelligent woman, with a pronounced resemblance to Florence Nightingale, obsessed even from childhood with her altruistic vocation. At the end of the last century she left Italy and crossed the ocean thirty times to found convents and hospitals from New York to Buenos Aires, a good sailor sitting on deck day after day to write long, affectionate, witty letters to her "daughters" in Italy.

She never caused the ecclesiastical authorities any anxiety, least of all financial anxiety. She had the Midas touch. "We have nothing, but we spend millions," she said demurely. Her nuns insisted that when she needed money she simply opened empty drawers and found the sum wanted. Everyone noticed that when she bought any piece of real estate without fail it would increase in value dramatically. Bishops liked her. She always was more in demand than a wandering Italian mystic usually is. She became an American citizen and died, most appropriately, in that paradise of real estate speculators, the Chicago of 1917; she left convents with a thousand nuns, and hospitals with a hundred thousand patients.

Mother Cabrini spent 25 days in Santiago de Chili in October and November 1895. The following incident is mentioned in a letter she wrote at this time.

"We first visited a Chapel of St. Philomena, the Wonder-worker, so much venerated here. We received Holy Communion at her altar, begging her to unite with St. Rose in protecting us. We made our thanksgiving at the back of the church, near an altar on which is venerated a picture of the martyrdom of the Saint. Whilst I was absorbed in prayer to the Saint, who inspired me with great confidence, telling her all my needs and necessities, a very gentle voice whispered in my ear, *'Esta es una pequeña limosnita.'* 'This is only a small offering.' I was so absorbed in laying my petition before the Saint, that I thought the words I heard were an illusion of my imagination, and so I made no movement. Again the soft voice repeated the same words. Then I raised my head, and looking round, I saw someone offering me pieces of gold. I turned and saw it was the holy man, Canon M. Marcluan Pereira, Guardian of the Sanctuary, who very humbly kept on saying, *'Es pequeña, es pequeña mas es St. Filomena que la da,'* and then quickly withdrew. The gift was of the value of 100 lire, which the good man felt urged to give us without being asked, and I received it all the more gratefully, as obviously the good Saint had begun to help us even before we finished offering our petitions to her.

"Having finished our thanksgivings, we went to thank the good Canon who said he was only too happy to help us, as we were missionaries. He made us presents of books, pictures and the cord of the Saint, which is worn by her devout clients. Then he gave me a photo of the Wonder-worker, asking me to keep it in my pocketbook. He himself placed it there, saying, 'Keep it there, Mother, and you will never be in need of money for your Institute.' I was very

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REPORT ON CUBA

Fidel's Tokenism

LEWIS STEARNS

In recent years the Cuban government has made a concerted effort to convince white and especially black activists in the United States that Cuba under Fidel Castro represents a model of racial equality. This campaign has centered on encouragement and support for Stokely Carmichael, Rap Brown, the Black Panthers; it has reportedly given haven to Eldridge Cleaver; it has included such acts as the extremely warm reception given Stokely Carmichael at the 1967 conference of the Latin American Solidarity Organization in Havana, and by the dedication of Cuban Olympic victories to both the black power athletes who were expelled from the Olympic Games and to the black people of the United States in general. This undertaking has proved very successful among black militants and other U.S. left-wing activists.

The validity of this assertion can be examined on two levels. First, do non-whites in Cuba hold positions of leadership in numbers even roughly corresponding to their percentage of the total population? Second, is the average non-white treated any differently from the average white by his government in his day-to-day life? The first of these two questions will be emphasized here since true equality for non-whites in Cuba (and in the United States) will not come ultimately from "equal" but paternalistic treatment at the hands of the whites, but only through significant and responsible participation by non-whites in the decision-making and governing process.

It is necessary at the outset to get some idea of the racial makeup of the Cuban nation. This is not as easy a task as it might seem to many North Americans due to the high degree of racial mixture that has occurred in Cuba over the centuries. The 1943 census recorded the non-white population in Cuba at well over 50 per cent. The 1953 census, however, reported only 26.9 per cent of the population as non-white. Herbert Klein, in his *Slavery in America*, argues that the 1953 figure can only be explained by the "passing" of Negroes into the mulatto category, and of mulattos into the white group, a common occurrence in Latin America. Some others believe that deception was intended. In the December 1964 issue of the Paris journal *Présence Africaine* a Cuban Negro, Carlos More, stated that "there has been a concerted effort to conceal the knowledge that Cuba is, and has been for quite some time, a nation in which the majority of the population is non-white." Hubert Herring, one of the most highly respected of Latin American historians, has estimated that in Cuba "roughly one-fourth of the people are Negro, one-half white and mostly Spanish, and one-fourth a mixture of European, Negro and Oriental." This estimate, in line with the 1943 and earlier censuses, is accepted by most Latin Americans.

Since the majority of the anti-Batista revolutionary leaders in the 1950s were whites—only the Communist Party, which played a relatively minor role in the revolution, had a significant percentage of non-white leaders—one would expect whites to dominate the government in its early years. On the other hand, since Cuba did have a sizable number of educated non-whites, some with as much leadership experience as many of the white revolutionaries, and since the Castro government has so loudly professed its devotion to

racial equality, one would expect to find the increasing promotion of non-whites to leadership positions on the national level. If they are not yet proportionately represented in the decision-making offices, at least a trend in that direction should have become clear during Castro's decade in power.

Those who argue that non-whites in Cuba have a significant voice in governing the country *invariably* try to prove their case by pointing to Major Juan Almeida, a Negro, a member of the Politburo of the Cuban Communist Party (CCP), who served for some months in 1967 and 1968 as Acting Minister of the Revolutionary Armed Forces. The unfailing reference to Major Almeida is understandable when one realizes that there are no other Negroes in the upper echelons of the Cuban government. He is the only non-white on the eight-man Politburo. The six-man Secretariat of the CCP includes one mulatto, Blas Roca, an "old Communist" of the pre-Castro days, whose actual power is steadily declining. Thus although two of the top fourteen positions in the CCP hierarchy are held by non-whites, only Major Almeida is considered of real importance in determining domestic and international policy. Of the members of the CCP Central Committee, which is in any event little more than a rubber stamp for policies made at a higher level, fewer than 10, and probably only about 5 per cent are non-whites.

In reality Cuban affairs are managed almost entirely by whites, largely from the middle class of pre-Castro days, who are mostly descendants of the Spanish colonists who remained in Cuba after independence was won from Spain at the end of the nineteenth century. Many of them are not members of either the CCP Politburo or Secretariat. Among them all of the big names in the Cuban power structure (Major Almeida, the only Negro, excepted), including Fidel and Raúl Castro, Osvaldo Dorticós, Armando Hart, Ramiro Valdés, Guillermo García, Sergio del Valle, Raúl Roa, Faure Chomón, Miguel Martín, José Ramírez, Luis González, Jaime Crombet, José Machado, José Llanusa, Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, Osmany Cienfuegos, Vilma Espín, Haydée Santamaría, Celia Sánchez, and others. An American Negro, Robert Williams, who lived for several

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years in Cuba during the 1960s before going to China and other countries, commented on this ruling clique: "It seems that a certain group here [in Cuba] is trying to compete with Mississippi." (The *Newsletter*, Socialist Labor League, U.K., February 25, 1967.)

Non-white participation in government below the national level, which has long been greater than in the United States, does appear to have increased somewhat since 1959. A number of leadership positions of moderate importance have been entrusted to non-whites. The crucial decisions which determine the lives of the Cuban people, however, are not made, but merely enforced, at these lower levels, as important as the enforcement may be. (A Negro senator, mayor or lieutenant governor in the United States has more influence on those he serves than a regional or local leader in Cuba since in the United States political power is less concentrated in the national government.) And aside from Major Almeida, who has been a follower of Fidel Castro since before the 1953 attack on the Moncada barracks, none of these non-whites has risen to a major position of national power during Castro's rule. At the very least this reflects a questionable system of promotions for non-whites in a predominantly non-white country which is led by whites who are so critical of racial inequalities in other parts of the world.

The degree to which ordinary men and women of the various races are treated, and treat each other, equally is a more complex problem. Robert Williams and Carlos More have both commented on racial inequalities at this level in Cuba as have some of the Negro refugees from that island now in the United States. (A majority of the refugees who escape from Cuba clandestinely—not on the authorized airlines—are Negroes.) There is little question, however, but that as regards personal relations among the Cuban people there is generally more mixing and less prejudice than in most parts of the United States. But this is due more to the long-term social and cultural history of Cuba than to the government of Fidel Castro.

Thus tokenism is practiced in important parts of life in Cuba just as it is in the United States. And while it is correct to say that the Negro in the United States is prevented from directly participating in many of the decisions which shape his life, the same is true in Cuba. As Carlos More has written, in Cuba Negroes and other non-whites are denied "the right to rule, or effectively share the power which directs the destiny of the Cuban nation."

Left-wing activists in the United States, black and white, have justly criticized tokenism and paternalism in this country. Their simultaneous admiration for "racial equality" in Cuba, however, is difficult to justify, and their suggestions that the attitudes and policies of the Castro government should serve as a model for the United States display an ignorance of the historical development as well as the present political, economic and social realities of the two countries. If these activists have any respect for the truth, and if they are genuinely concerned about the well-being of non-whites in Cuba and in the United States, then they should take a more careful look at the white middle-class paternalism in Cuba.

Indeed, Fidel Castro is on shaky ground when he so loudly supports the black power movement in the United States. As the Cuban people become better educated the present white leaders may find the non-whites increasingly less willing to settle for little but second-class positions. Fidel Castro may well be confronted before long with a black power movement in his own country as Cuban non-whites strive for some of the opportunities that Negroes are now working to achieve in the United States. □

The Obscenity Gap

"The decision of whether or not to print words that most readers still consider obscene is one that will not just go away. Four-letter words, and elaborations on them, have become a tool of protest politics and almost de rigueur occurrences on stage, in movies, in books and in the public vocabulary of many celebrities."

Time, March 7, 1969

Sometime during the early 1970s (historical exactitude being difficult, considering what happened to official records of the period), while Father Hesburgh and the the rest of us were still Waiting for Righty and shuddering at the prospect of fascist-repression-to-come, why, the New Left finally did the thing *they were always talking about, you know? Like, man, occupied the White House, brought Fidel in for the big V parade down Pennsylvania Avenue (renamed Che Drive), and began building bigger-and-better walls. Not that it could last, of course . . .*

Q: Mr. President, do you give any credence to reports from Europe that the NATO alliance is in disarray?
A: ---- the NATO alliance, Charley. Next question.
Q: Sir, do you have any immediate plans to submit an economic message to the Senate-House leadership?
A: I might send up a list of non-negotiable demands, ----------, but other than that, the Senate-House leadership can ----. Next ------- question.
Q: Mr. President, serious questions have been raised in some quarters about the future of the separation-of-powers doctrine—
A: Oh, for ----- sake. All I have to say about that kind of -------- is ---- --.

. . . but still, pending a Supreme Court hearing on the Establishment Government-in-Exile's petition for an order to vacate the premises (which, we were all advised reassuringly, would lead to a landmark decision regarding possible limitations on the right to demonstrate) . . .

Q: Sir, this morning's *New York Times* ran an editorial to the effect that the unexpurgated texts of your public statements weren't fit to print—
A: ---- the *New York Times*. It can—

. . . there was that waiting period during which Jerry Rubin ran the country and held all-day news conferences in the Grass (formerly Rose) Room.

—go ---- itself. And you can quote me on the subject.
Q: Blank you, Mr. President.

—VICTOR GOLD

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RUSSELL KIRK

FREE CHOICE: A VOUCHER PLAN

FROM THE ACADEMY

In the professional journals of education nowadays, some sober writers suggest that the concept and the reality of an all-embracing system of state primary and secondary schools may be in its sere and yellow leaf. Torn by disputes over racial integration, controversies about religious instruction, demands for local and ethnic autonomy, ideological passions, and the violent rebellion of many pupils, the public school systems have become almost impossible to administer. John Dewey's march toward the "democratic humanist" Zion has been mired in the blackboard jungle.

At the same time, however, private and parochial schools have their backs to the wall, what with diminishing sources of income, rising costs and (in Catholic schools) the dwindling of teaching orders. Many such schools have ceased to exist during the past three years.

What can be done? In several state legislatures, this year, bills may be passed to provide some sort of state subsidy, assistance, tax relief, or tax credit in aid of non-public schools, with the intention of saving such institutions from extinction and averting overcrowding of public schools.

In California's Assembly, a sweeping proposal has been introduced by Assemblyman William Campbell, one of the abler members of that body. He advocates a constitutional amendment and an enabling act. Although Mr. Campbell does not really expect passage of his proposals at this session of the California legislature, he looks to the near future: for California must do something about the financing of its schools, the preservation of private institutions, the recovery of order in the classroom, and the maintenance of educational diversity.

In effect, Assemblyman Campbell's plan is an endeavor to give freedom of choice to parents and pupils. He would have the state of California issue vouchers to every elementary and secondary student. Every voucher would be for a sum, determined by the legislature, adequate to defray the average cost of a decent schooling. And these vouchers could be presented to any school, private or public, in California. In effect, the state would subsidize the education of the individual, rather than subsidizing specific public schools. Parents could send their children to the school whose methods and principles should appear soundest, and the danger of a state monopoly of schooling would be averted. Private and parochial schools presumably would flourish and multiply, under such a policy.

How could this program be financed? Assemblyman Campbell's legislative proposals would establish a statewide tax on real property, resting more heavily upon business and industry than upon residential property. From this revenue source would come all funds for public instruction. Counties and local school districts thus would be relieved of their present immense burden of supporting the public schools; counties would continue to levy property taxes, but only to carry on ordinary functions of local government—not for schools. The state would distribute its educational funds through the individual-voucher system—not through a centralized educational establishment.

"The public school system is a virtual monopoly, with all the inherent bureaucratic and organizational rigidity," says Mr. Campbell. "Desirable educational innovation has become almost non-existent. Respect for public education by the general public has deteriorated greatly. A change is needed." Through issuing vouchers, the state of California might encourage diversity in schooling and rescue many parents from what amounts to a double burden of support for schools.

In one way, this plan is a leveling device, and so ought to be popular with the advocates of equal opportunity in schooling. For its property-tax revenues would be drawn from the richest school district in the state, as well as the poorest; but its uniform vouchers would provide the same educational subsidy for children in Watts as for the children in San Marino. No state or federal equalization fund for schooling ever has been so egalitarian as the Campbell plan.

Yet also the plan ought to be popular with all those parents who help to support the private or parochial institutions their children attend and, in addition, always have been required to pay, through taxation, a full share of the cost of operating public schools. Now these taxpayers would receive back a part, at least, of their school taxes, to be used through vouchers to maintain the school of their choice.

Unaccustomed though most people are to the voucher concept of public instruction, there is nothing impracticable about it. "By giving *all* students in the state the choice of attending either a public or a private school," as Assembleyman Campbell puts it, "we will create the competition necessary to bring about the needed innovations and improvements in education."

INNOVATING SCHOOLS, conservative schools, Catholic schools, Lutheran schools, Jewish schools, specialized schools, remedial schools, "gifted-child" schools, "black is beautiful" schools, Mexican-American schools, or what schools you will, might flourish and compete healthily under this design. (Of course many parents would continue to approve the established conventional "public" schools, sending their children and their vouchers thither; and of course some sort of state accreditation and inspection would be necessary, as in Canada or Britain.) If, as we are forever being told, American society is and must and shall be pluralistic, to the end of time—why, then, what's wrong with pluralism in schooling? □

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

OH TO BE IN BELGIUM

SUM TOTAL of this delightful and surprising country: the superlative food (at all levels) at reasonable prices—indeed a gourmet's paradise; the exquisite politeness of the people to total strangers; the variety of lovely sights, both natural and man-made.

Liège. I have to go eeny-meeny-mo about describing the great—and I deliberately say great—meals I've had in Belgium. The count stops at the *Vieux Liège*, a restaurant composed of a series of small, antique-furnished rooms in a sixteenth-century Renaissance house over the river Meuse. Glass, silver and linen shine even brighter, if that is possible; the service is even more attentive—and unobtrusive and, once more, I think Belgian waiters are the very top. All the specialties—and Belgium's provinces are a treasure trove of specialties—are guarded lovingly by a people that indeed, to put it mildly, like to eat well. *Rognons de veau à la Liègeoise* (veal kidney cooked with juniper berries, with a dash of juniper gin added before serving), crayfish cooked in white wine and butter and, above all my choice, *Oie à l'instar de Visé*, the most unexpectedly delicious dish I've eaten in donkey's years. It is a young goose, cooked free of all fat in a fragrant wine broth, carved like chicken, and fried, served with a mousseline made of eggs, melted butter and a pronounced amount of garlic. I wouldn't have believed that this is rich, but not greasy in the least, and a perfect flavor combination. (With a vintage wine, and three courses, the meal came to about $10 for two. The New York equivalent would have been no less than $40-50.)

I would like to live in this city of streets that ramble up and down the steep banks of the river Meuse. It is a vivacious city, and neither coal nor industry has made it ugly or quashed the independence and spirit of the people. An infinity of churches proclaims the importance of the old bishop's see, bastion of medieval civilization of all the surrounding lands; old buildings and secret gardens speak of elegant, prosperous living. In spite of the nearness of the German border, Liège is totally, unequivocally Belgian, speaking only French or Walloon. Here is a city independent of the capital in its cultural life, with opera, operetta and ballet, and a number of plays in the local Walloon dialect. These include the famous Liège puppet shows, where all the heroes of the ancient legends take their turns: the four sons of Aymon, Geneviève de Brabant and Charlemagne. The puppets are large or small, according to their historic importance: Charlemagne weighs some eighty pounds and towers over his tiny archers. Each play, whether it represents the Passion or a contemporary comedy, is full of the barbed Liège wit, pronounced by the local Punch, called Tschantches, who appears in a variety of guises. This is another of Belgium's surprises: the puppet theaters that flourish as healthily as they did centuries ago. (I also saw the Brussels marionettes in the Toone, presenting the Passion in sixteenth-century costume. The formal dialogue was in French, but all the figures had their asides in the local Brussels dialect, which I did not understand but which sent the audience into gales of gusty laughter.) It wasn't only the food and the vitality of Liège that I loved; as impressive was the fact that the hill-high slag heaps on the horizon were humanized by the belt of flower-filled, luscious parks in and around the city.

Random notes about my Belgian travels. Throughout the country, the solidity of the housing, old and new, compared with our jerry-built developments, astonished me. When Belgians build, and many do, they build solid, in two-story, gabled brick, with picture windows. Many large, healthy house plants are to be seen in the windows, but *the* national house plant is the long, spiky-leaved Sanseveria. These plants, more virtuous than beautiful, sit in their white cachepots next to each other on the windowsills, combining the joy of indoor gardening with the advantage of screening out the world. Since Belgians like privacy, net or lace curtains flutter above the Sanseveria.

STRANGE TOO is the fact that industrial and commercial Belgium is a modern as can be, whereas interior decoration is on the traditional, rich and splendid side. In all of Brussels, I did not see a shop with modern, Scandinavian-type furnishings, though I am told that one or two exist. I went to the antiques show in Brussels, all marquetry furniture and costly accessories, so justly called *meubles* and *objets de valeur*. The homes into which they go are given to much velvet, lace and chandeliers, silver and crystal. But here we go: the Belgians are mad for the most modern, avant-garde pictures, several steps beyond the great Magritte. Van Tuerenhout is such a painter and in one Belgian home I know, he coexists with Empire furniture. It is astonishing that the old Flemish tradition of patronizing the painters (not the sculptors) is alive and well in modern Belgium.

Pictures and their prices are on the minds of all Belgians, whether they can afford them or not. Oil paintings, that is, and then, *faute de mieux*, old engravings and etchings. But the pictures should be contemporary, rather than old masters. And to say the truth, many of the old masters that adorn the very numerous *antiquaires* are moot indeed. But I am told by those that know that Belgium is one of the few remaining countries where antiques are good and reasonably priced. In Stavelot and Oudenarde, two towns about which more in a later issue, I saw two traveling shows that came from the Ministry of the Interior, showing the most advanced of paintings and ceramics. The children of all the surrounding villages were brought to see them, with admirable explanations on the part of their teachers. □

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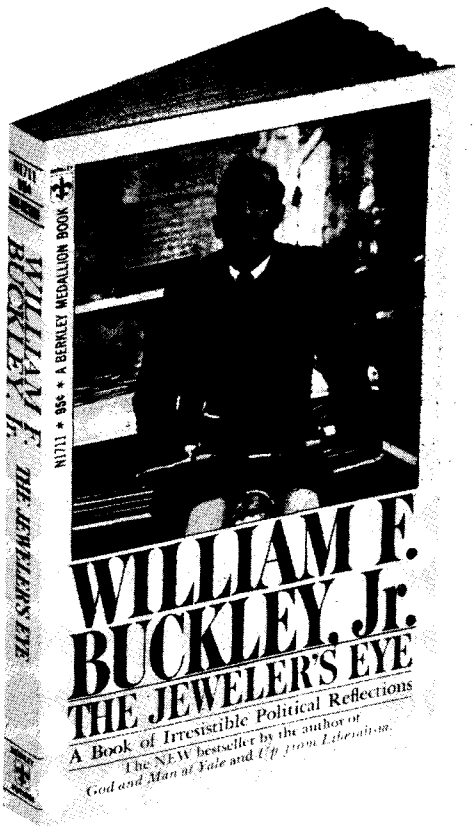
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Realism in Foreign Policy

American Foreign Policy
By Henry A. Kissinger
Norton, $3.95

GERHART NIEMEYER

It is not improbable that the Nixon Administration will leave as its most distinctive historical mark an entirely new conception of American foreign policy—indeed, a *conception*, something that we have hitherto lacked. In this context, Henry Kissinger, an early and prominent Presidential appointee, holds a position comparable to that of a military chief of staff, according him unique possibilities for structuring foreign policy. His thinking is therefore of great public interest. We may be slow to realize the quality of the book under review unless we begin by reminding ourselves what it is that has caused our dismay about American foreign policy for so many years.

We have had leaders who have recognized dangers to our security but who have been in the unfortunate habit of meeting them "by magic operations in the dream world, such as disapproval, moral condemnation, declarations of intention, resolutions, appeals to the opinion of mankind, branding enemies as aggressors, outlawing of war, propaganda for world peace and world government, etc." (Eric Voegelin, *The New Science of Politics*). None of this propensity can be found in Kissinger aside from a few occasional bows to such utopian hopes as "world culture" and disarmament compacts. Rather, Kissinger is engaged in "the critical exploration of cause and effect in history." He moves attentively, with keenly observant eyes, between the boulders and solid blocks of reality and tells us what he sees. We, unfortunately, have not been used to leaders who have done, or were capable of doing, that sort of thing; it is a novel experience for us.

FIRST, HE PERCEIVES the causes of our poor showing in foreign relations, tracing them not to enemy infiltration or ideological sell-outs but to historical features of our government and public thought:

a) The dead hand of bureaucracy that is "oriented not to the act of choice but to the accumulation of facts," but all the same "acquires a momentum of its own" opening up a gap between the competence of the staff and the capacity of leaders to absorb; a bureaucracy that finds it extremely difficult to arrive at a policy, and, precisely because of this, finds it well-nigh impossible to change one that has been adopted, thus driving executives increasingly to extra-bureaucratic means of decision (e.g. public speeches).

b) An American tendency to substitute idealistic myths for reality (for example: the "change of heart" of the Soviets which "hawks have maintained, while inevitable, is still in the future, whereas the doves have argued that it has already taken place"); our inclination to "confuse foreign policy with psychotherapy," our romantic view of ourselves, which claims that "other nations have interests while we have responsibilities"; our naïve belief that in new countries political authority will automatically follow upon economic progress; our "offer of our altruism as a guarantee of our reliability"; our insistence on "unity" as having a supposedly self-evident meaning between allies, and so on.

c) Our intellectual unpreparedness, which keeps us from seeing problems until they erupt as crises, which made it possible for us to adopt a containment policy without ever formulating a program of negotiations to be pursued if and when we attained a "position of strength," which has allowed our fascination with Soviet purposes to prevent us from articulating the purposes we should maintain.

d) Our diplomatic methods—overly rigid before a crisis, but prone to collapse during the crisis into excessive flexibility, thereby earning us a reputation for unreliability.

Second, he assesses current realities and situations, of which I mention here three: the Soviet Union, our alliances and Vietnam.

a) Regarding the dispute whether Soviet policy is still, or no longer, "ideological," he points out that the Soviet bureaucracy is permeated by a "built-in" ideology which "supplies the criteria for administrative choice"; that this ideology is effective not so much as "specific Marxist tactical prescriptions" but as "basic Marxist-Leninist categories for interpreting reality"; that "bureaucratization and pragmatism may lead to a loss of élan, but they do not guarantee convergence of Western and Soviet thinking"; that their belief in "objective factors" causes the Soviets to suspect all "subjective motivations," which we are always ready to declare. In other words, there has been no "change of heart" and none is in view.

b) Our alliances can no longer function on the formulae that were effective in the early Fifties. We must shun "tutelage"; rather, a broad political understanding (he calls it, unfortunately, "philosophy") must be worked out as a basis for flexibility in methods.

c) On Vietnam, three ideas stand out: "The commitment of five hundred thousand Americans has settled the issue of the importance of Vietnam." Our reliability in general is at stake, so, whatever the wisdom of the original decision, "we cannot remove the charge of bad judgment by a demonstration of incompetence." The Tet offensive, though, has been a turning point. That is the core of his assessment of feasibilities in Vietnam. From here on out, we must extract ourselves honorably, which depends very much on the manner in which negotiations are carried out. If

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they give the impression of a "camouflaged surrender," there will be "nothing left to negotiate."

THIRD, what Kissinger does not say is as important as what he says. He does not mention the UN, he speaks of negotiations not as a friendly *tête-à-tête* at the U.S.-USSR summit, he does not count on a Sino-Soviet war, he does not assume that unacceptability of war in Moscow and Washington will automatically produce détente, he envisions no magic "take-off" as a result of foreign aid, he does not threaten us with world war as an alternative to global birth control, and he does not hold up disarmament as the key to world peace.

Those who have already pigeonholed Kissinger as an ideological enemy, or at least as alien to their position, should concede that he does not look at the world through glasses of any ideological coloration. The United States has moved straight from the comparative innocence of Atlantic backwater isolationism into World War II and its aftermath. The guiding principle of foreign policy has been presented to us either as a crusade or as social work on a global scale. It is time, Henry Kissinger argues, for us to acquire a "conception of our interest" ("interests are not necessarily amoral," he reminds us), and, for the whole of international politics, a "conception of order" rather more profound than "stability." If Kissinger helps Nixon develop ways in which our native talent for pragmatic action gains an intellectual underpinning, we may yet see a time when our power can translate into a manifest political good. Meanwhile, if I had my way, I would put this little book on the desk of every serious student of international politics. □

Weimar Culture: The Outsider as Insider
By Peter Gay *Harper, $5.95*

WHEN GERMANY TRIED ANARCHY

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

In the study of history, to a greater extent than in any other ordered enquiry, it is difficult and at times all but impossible to distinguish cause from effect. Consequently, in the history of ideas, the historian often resorts to vague conceptualizations such as "climates of opinion" and prefers to deal with contexts and complexes of social and ideological factors. This evasion of causal analysis is a neat dodge by which the historian of ideas escapes the necessity of making judgments and assuming ethical positions. It is an especially attractive position for the liberal historian who is at heart a relativist and who always wants to run with the fox and hunt with the hounds. These well-mannered men are not fond of asking too many questions of either their contemporaries or their antecedents. The liberal house of intellect is, after all, as composite and as diverse as the Democratic Party, and the merits of present company and past bedfellows make rather forced conversation.

This is what one might expect. The great force of liberal moral rhetoric lies precisely in its abstraction. Liberalism does not have a morality for the single event, for the individual man, for the limited time span and the particular place. Beyond saying that the past was bad because it did not resemble the utopian future, the ethical content of liberal historical thought is meager. It is for this reason that the liberal historian, when he deals with ethical issues, must content himself with the clichés of improvement or a trumpet call to total revolution. Never mind that he has trouble deciding which note to strike.

Unfortunately, there is a grass-roots prejudice which expects historians to deal with moral issues, with values, judgments, choices and fulfilled or evaded responsibilities. This commonsense attitude refuses to be fobbed off with "climates of opinion" and wise talk of "contexts." Those who hold these prejudices suspect that as Lord Acton said, the historian ought to be a "hanging judge," who lets no crime go unpunished. This the liberal historian is prevented from doing both by taste and philosophy.

TAKE PETER GAY'S *Weimar Culture* as an example of liberal historical scholarship which is incapable of assessing responsibility because it has no measuring stick. The topic of German culture from 1919-1933 is one which literally cries out for historical treatment. To say that it is topical is to understate the case.

Weimar culture was the culture of a bankrupt world. Even though the material artifacts of German life remained intact and cultural continuity was maintained, the structures of bourgeois rationalism, humanism and order, on which that society depended for its dynamism and vitality, had been destroyed. The critique of the old order, a critique which had such fatal consequences, was not, as Gay rightly points out, something which the Weimar generation introduced. It reached well back into the nineteenth century. The Weimar intellectuals simply continued traditions which were well established by the time they had been born.

The First World War did, however, have cataclysmic consequences in that it accentuated the spiritual and moral bankruptcy which characterized the era. Blood and treasure had been spilled out over a thousand foreign fields in prodigious quantity. They purchased defeat and moral degradation.

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The Germans felt unjustly punished for a war they conceived to be a common European responsibility. They saw that great symbol of bourgeois solidity, money, perish in the holocaust of the inflation of 1923. They watched as waves of revolution, street-fighting and political murder broke over the country on a scale unknown to the Germans since the seventeenth century. At the very moment when their outward circumstances were in disorder and their internal affairs were in chaos, every reasoned thought, every decent action, every good and salutary deed became the subject of parody, irony and laughter. Politics became utopian, religion became mania, learning devoted itself to the irrational, and the forces of unchecked vitality and unfettered sexuality were admired and advertised as the sources of restoration for a tired and decadent world.

Berlin became the "fun city" of the 1920s. There everything was for sale and everything could be had. No one realized then the price that would eventually have to be paid. No one had time for such commonplace reflections. They were reflections which might have been filled with the much despised rational calculation which characterized the middle classes. Yes, of course, there was reflection but it was abtrusely metaphysical, idealistically utopian, attenuatedly aesthetic, and almost completely divorced from reality. It was, to use Vico's poetic phrase, "the barbarism of reflection."

Never in all of history was the intellectual more admired; never before was the intelligentsia more active, never was cultural life more brilliant, more experimental and innovative. In a great poem called "The Purse-Sein," Robinson Jeffers describes the sardine fishermen off Monterey. "*I cannot tell you/How beautiful the scene is, and a little terrible, then, when the crowded fish/Know they are caught, and wildly beat from one wall to the other of their closing destiny the phosphorescent/Water to a pool of flame. . . .*" Weimar culture was like that.

THESE INTELLECTUALS WERE, in the main, intellectual looters, debauching and looting a culture they had not the wit to replace. In Chapter XXXIV of *Doctor Faustus*, Thomas Mann reconstructs the meetings of a circle of Weimar intellectuals in the house of Herr Sextus Kridwiss. Their conversations and the types they represent convey far more adequately than Gay's thin narrative the basic disease of Weimar intellectuality. They were men who had ceased to love the truth and who had abandoned the values of rationality. "The political Right more and more coincided with the political Left." They had become men who, as Eric Voegelin has remarked in another context, "preferred certain untruth to uncertain truth." They fell in love with violence and sought to validate their inadequate myths by an appeal to action.

Nor can one distinguish in this universal ruin between a rational Left and an irrational Right. (This seems at times to be Peter Gay's intention.) Both Right and Left aimed at the total reconstruction of sociey through acts of "creative violence." Paul Froelich (Gay), a leader of the *Spartakus Bund* and the biographer of Rosa Luxemburg, was no less guilty of this dehumanizing utopian activism than the expressionist poet Gottfried Benn whose corrupted muse attempted a defense, in the early days, of National Socialist beastliness. They were utopians, all of them, and they were quite willing to sacrifice values and men in order to recreate society and mankind in some new visionary image.

There is little that is more characteristic of the Weimar period than Expressionistic architecture. However, very little of this architecture was ever constructed. It was an architecture of fantasy whose forms were so intrinsically difficult that the architects lacked technical means to realize their plans. It remained, then, drawingboard architecture. This, of course was not the case with the intellectual architects of the spirit. They conformed the human will and spirit to their utopian plans bending mankind into the shape of their own beastliness.

DOES PROFESSOR GAY ASK why and how this all happened? Does he fix responsibility and indicate culpability? He does not, and he does not because he cannot. He has no measure against which the intellectuality of that time or of his own time can be tested and tried. Gay does from time to time indicate that had Weimar shared the spirit of the Enlightenment the tragedy would have been averted. This is a dubious assumption. "Enlightenment" is such a deceptive word, in French, German or English, take your choice; and the spirit of Berlin—enlightened or otherwise—was very different, as Voltaire discovered, from the spirit of Paris. But aside from that there is no line of separation which the intellectual historian can draw between the Enlightenment and Romanticism and Neo-Romanticism. The full potentialities of Berlin in 1930 were implicit in En-

RANDOM NOTES

■ NEWS: Now that Norman Mailer's running for Mayor, will he be able to go through with his book on the Apollo moon landing? Little, Brown is to publish it; serial and paperback rights have been sold for over $1 million; Mailer plans to spend weeks nosing around Houston and Cape Canaveral, gathering material. . . . *My Testimony*, by the Russian engineer A. T. Marchenko, describes seven years in Soviet prisons where the author witnessed brutality, sadism, cannibalism, worse. Marchenko is back in jail (for condemning the invasion of Czechoslovakia); the manuscript was smuggled out (Dutton, August). . . . And having served his sentence in Washington, Walt Rostow has signed a six-figure contract with Macmillan for two books: *The Diffusion of Power*, about U.S. foreign policy and how she grew, 1958-1968; and a textbook, *The Evolution of the World Economy*.

■ STARGAZING: Gerald Hawkins' *Splendor in the Sky* is a handsome survey of astronomy, including latest discoveries and speculations (Harper, $8.95). . . . Pick your own cosmology; all the current theories are set forth, for the layman, in *Concepts of the Universe* by Paul W. Hodge (McGraw-Hill, $4.95; $2.95 paperback). . . . Colin Ronan's *Astronomers Royal* is all of them, spanning the two Elizabeths: Halley, Newton, Herschel, Jeans, Eddington etc. (Doubleday, $5.95); Halley—who saw to it that Newton's *Principia* were published —has a book to himself: *Edmond Halley: Genius in Eclipse*, also by Ronan (Doubleday, July, $5.95).

Everything the rocketry pioneer ever did is in *The Papers of Robert H. Goddard*, edited by his wife; three volumes (McGraw-Hill, $150); Willy Ley goes from Goddard to the astronauts in *Events in Space* (McKay, $4.95). . . . E. A. Kennan and E. H. Harvey are critical of NASA and Apollo in *Mission to the Moon* (title changed from *Disaster!*) (Morrow, $7.95). . . . Mitchell R. Sharpe discusses practical difficulties in *Living in Space: The Astronaut and His Environment* (Doubleday, $5.95; $2.95 paperback). . . . For stay-at-homes, Rand McNally is putting out a twelve-inch globe of the moon (starts at $9.95), and E. H. Carrington has written *Exploring the Moon through Binoculars* (McGraw-Hill, $10).

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lightenment intellectuality.

Indeed, Professor Gay uses "enlightened" as a synonym for liberal. Used in this fashion it becomes a way of having the fun without paying the consequences. It is the evasion in thought and action of moral responsibility. Creativity and innovation are not enough. Mann's Adrian Leverkuehn was creative, Emil Nolde was creative, Gottfried Benn was creative. The list should be extended and could be extended up to the present moment. Once the beautiful has been divorced from the true and the good, and virtue consigned to the realm of bourgeois prejudice, man becomes, of necessity, to use Sartre's phrase, "a useless passion." □

Experiences
By Arnold J. Toynbee
Oxford, $8.95

AN OLD MAN IN A DRY MONTH

PETER P. WITONSKI

Before getting too deeply bogged down in this review let it be duly noted, by the initiated and uninitiated alike, that Arnold J. Toynbee, author of such weighty and pretentious tomes as the twelve volume *A Study of History*, *War and Civilization*, and *America and the World Revolution*—to give only a partial bibliography—is a crashing bore. I say this not out of any sense of maliciousness, but only to clear the air before discussing this nice old liberal gentleman's most recent publication, an appallingly repetitious mélange of autobiographical ruminations, personal opinions, and Greek and Latin poetry entitled *Experiences*.

This is a sad book, because one senses throughout its pages what the author might have been had he only remained loyal to the traditions of the Oxford School of *Litterae Humaniores*, had he devoted his huge talents for classical scholarship to more substantial things instead of wallowing in the more seemingly attractive bathos of *Weltgeschichte*. That delightful little book on Hellenism and those two splendid volumes entitled *Hannibal's Legacy* are indicative of the kind of work he could have been turning out had he devoted less time to that lamentably bad *magnum opus* of his. The glaring failures of *A Study of History*, so brilliantly analyzed by Professor Pieter Geyl, continue to plague Toynbee, even in the present volume. The tendency to omit important historical facts and oversimplify major historical trends and movements, which Professor Geyl railed against with such eloquent force, can be clearly seen

throughout *Experiences*. It goes without saying that many of Toynbee's more eccentrically silly opinions on contemporary affairs may be traced to his cavalier treatment of the facts of history.

To be sure, Toynbee would be the first to deny that he has been cavalier with the facts of history. Indeed, he informs us in *Experiences* that he has always loved facts, quickly adding however that he has never loved them for their own sake. So far so good you may say; such views are thoroughly in keeping with those of any workaday product of an American Ph.D. program. But Toynbee has always seen in *his* historical facts "clues to something beyond them . . . to the nature and meaning of the mysterious Universe in which every human being awakes to consciousness." A noble thought, but also a thought that has led Toynbee away from the "study of history" towards what he sees as a kind of Beatific Vision—not always the end of sound historical scholarship. I am reminded of an interview which he recently granted the *New York Times* in connection with his eightieth birthday in which he announced—no doubt for the hundredth time since the Tet offensive—that Americans simply do not understand Communism, let alone the goals of the North Vietnamese; we are, he concluded, victims of a misunderstanding of the "international Communist movement," in which we wrongly conceive that movement as a monolith. Putting aside the knee-jerk liberal aspect of this criticism—such trite views of the supposed ignorance of the American understanding of Communism (assuming anything so vague as an American understanding of *anything* were possible to formulate) are a dime a dozen, especially to readers of the *New York Times*—it is obvious that Toynbee's vision of contemporary American society leaves something to be desired, like his understanding of world history.

TOYNBEE was of that generation of Englishmen whose ranks were so badly devastated by the horrors of World War I. The fact that he survived due to an accidental illness which rendered him unfit for military service, seems to haunt him as much as the fact that many of his closest friends were killed. Again and again we are reminded that over half of his generation failed to return from what he properly views as a war that was a turning point in human history; and yet his constant harping on the hideousness of it all is done not so much in an eloquent way as in the talkative way of an old man.

The same can be said for the poems that make up the final section of the book. "In English I am no poet at all," he correctly notes, explaining that the classics have somehow alienated him from his mother tongue. His poetic imagination, he claims, finds vent in Greek and Latin where he considers himself to be a minor poet. He even flatters himself into believing that the genuine old masters might view his poetic efforts in Latin and Greek in much the same way that contemporary English poets view the work of "some highly cultivated and accomplished Indian man of letters." I see no point in bothering to reproduce any of Toynbee's poems since they are truly bad in any language. (It might be noted that his prose style is none too graceful either.) Suffice it to say that Tonybee is about the only bad writer ever to attribute his stylistic deficiencies in English to his classical education. Among our century's classically educated scholars Toynbee is only surpassed by John Dewey in the awkwardness of his style.

One comes away from *Experiences* with an odd feeling of bewilderment. On the one hand Toynbee has told us little about the things that *really* influenced him; I doubt that he is capable of so doing. On the other hand the

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very superficiality of his treatment, his random, shoot-from-the-hip approach to history and contemporary affairs, succeeds in telling us much in a rather vague and impressionistic way about the author of *A Study of History*. *Experiences* will be of little interest to anyone, save the most ardent admirers of the Toynbee philosophy. It is the kind of book minor eighteenth- and nineteenth-century historians were forever turning out at the close of their careers —dull and destined to be widely unread. □

Tolkien and the Critics: Essays on J. R. R. Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings
Edited by Neil Isaacs and Rose Zimbardo
Notre Dame, paperback, $2.95

GOOD AND EVIL FOR MEN AND HOBBITS

JARED C. LOBDELL

In the volume of essays that Professors Isaacs and Zimbardo have brought together, the general range is from praise of Tolkien's narrative power to condemnation of his writing in a medieval style, from praise of his invention of the hobbits (apparently a uniform reaction) to condemnation of his lack of interest in delineating character (except perhaps the character of hobbits). Of explanatory criticism, either the work of the literary historian, or that of the critic proper (Johnson on Shakespeare, Tolkien himself on *Beowulf*), there is almost none.

Probably this was to be expected, and one can be glad for Roger Sale's essay on "Tolkien and Frodo Baggins" and for John Tinkler's brief study of "Old English in Rohan." But it remains true that most of this book constitutes the data for criticism (or rather, for literary history) instead of the work of practicing critics. And some of the data are a little disturbing. Mr. Burton Raffel, for example, claims that *The Lord of the Rings* is not literature (in the narrow sense), which casts interesting light on Mr. Raffel's idea of literature (in the narrow sense), but very little light on *The Lord of the Rings*. Patricia Spacks believes that "a critic who demands verbal complexity, integrity, richness, subtlety will find little to attract him in Tolkien's fiction," which to me is a little like saying "an astronomer who demands an acknowledgment that the earth goes around the sun will find little to attract him in Copernicus."

These are, admittedly, extreme examples. But when they are juxtaposed to the laudatory reviews by C. S. Lewis and W. H. Auden (for some reason only the second half of Lewis' review is included), they make it clear that those who read; and those who criticize Tolkien are divided into two sharply distinct schools—one inside and one outside the Tolkienic tradition. On the one hand we have Lewis, Auden, Edmund Fuller, Charles Moorman (though he has the lines of influence between Lewis and Tolkien going the wrong way); on the other, Mr. Raffel and Mrs. Spacks, and to a lesser extent most of the remaining contributors to this volume. I found myself a part of the first school, and to the members of the other school, who are (if the distinction may be allowed) pro-hobbit and anti-Tolkien, I would like to offer three suggestions as to what the trilogy is about.

First, it is about the conflict of good and evil in a *pre-Christian* world. Morgoth is the devil, and Sauron is his emissary. The One is God, and Gandalf is his emissary (angel), the last point being a highly important contribution by Edmund Fuller in this volume. But the eventual protagonists are very remote, and in Lewis' words: "While it may be true at the end of the world to describe every [created spirit] either as an angel or a devil, and may even be true now, it was much less true [then]. There used to be things on this earth pursuing their own business . . . even in St. Paul one gets glimpses of a population that won't exactly fit into our two columns of angels and devils. And if you go back further . . . all the gods, elves, dwarfs, water-people, *fate*, *longaevi* . . . there was room for them then, but the universe has come more to a point." Tolkien has created a world in which neutrality is just becoming impossible, but in which man has not yet reached the point where God Himself must die for his redemption.

Second, it is about the peoples of Middle Earth, their geography, especially their forests, their customs and, above all, their languages. One turns to Tolkien's essay, "English and Welsh," and finds there "languages are the chief distinguishing marks of peoples. No people in fact comes into being until it speaks a language of its own; let the languages perish and the peoples perish too . . ."

And again, *The Lord of the Rings* "contains, in the way of presentation that I found most natural, much of what I personally have received from the study of things Celtic," and especially from the study of the Welsh language.

Third, it is about the past. One remembers Tolkien's remark, in his essay "On Fairy Stories," that in reading *The Juniper Tree* "the chief flavor . . . lingering in the memory was not beauty or horror, but distance and a great abyss of time, not measurable even by *Twe Tusend Johr*." And again, Tolkien himself has pointed out that the key chapter in the trilogy bears the title "The Shadow of the Past." Nor is it accidental that Fangorn, the guardian of the forest, is "the oldest of the Ents, the oldest living thing that still walks beneath the sun upon this Middle Earth" —Fangorn who, aside from Frodo Baggins, is Tolkien's most successful creation.

It is also, of course, about hobbits. But that, in my view, is an accidental goodness—"thoughts beyond their thoughts to those high bards were given." The languages, the forests, the past, the conflict of good and evil—which are not one thing for hobbits and another for elves and men—are the heart of the book, the heart of Tolkien's world. This volume of essays, which constitutes the best (if almost the only) book on Tolkien, seems on the whole a bit peripheral—critics like hobbits unwilling to enter the forest. □

TALKING DIRTY

I am no stranger to the dirty book.
I've run through all the early Henry Miller.
When pictures pass my way, I take a look.
I separate the filthy from the filler.
The cinema I've contemplated, too.
I've witnessed Warhol's worst, from drag to stag.
I read *The Village Voice*; I gawk at *Screw*.
I'm titillated by Hugh Heffner's mag.
But recently, lasciviousness palls;
It's difficult unearthing something "better."
I think (it's *crazy*) literature calls . . .
I'm rediscovering *The Scarlet Letter*!
However, while I'm certain lust's a bust,
It's definitely hellish to adjust.

W. H. von Dreele

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FILM CHRONICLE

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STUDENT REVOLT

RICHARD CORLISS

Spring is here, and in the spring a young man's fancy turns to . . . campus revolution. Hollywood, ever ready to turn a social phenomenon into a movie genre (gangster melodramas, motorcycle exploiters), has sprung to the challenge of limning this particular Children's Crusade on celluloid by spinning a bunch of Broadway straw into Culver City dental-floss. MGM took *The Impossible Years*, one of those indistinguishable comedies that give anyone unfamiliar with the banalities of Broadway humor a two-hour Excedrin headache; and before you could say "The Generation Gap makes me uptight, baby," there was David Niven exhaling the garlicky one-liners once delivered by Alan King and Sam Levine, and the movie version was the Xmas offering at Radio City Music Hall, the Fillmore East of Norman Rockwell Land, along with the Music Hall's big, boffo, bump-grind-and-genuflect Holiday Show.

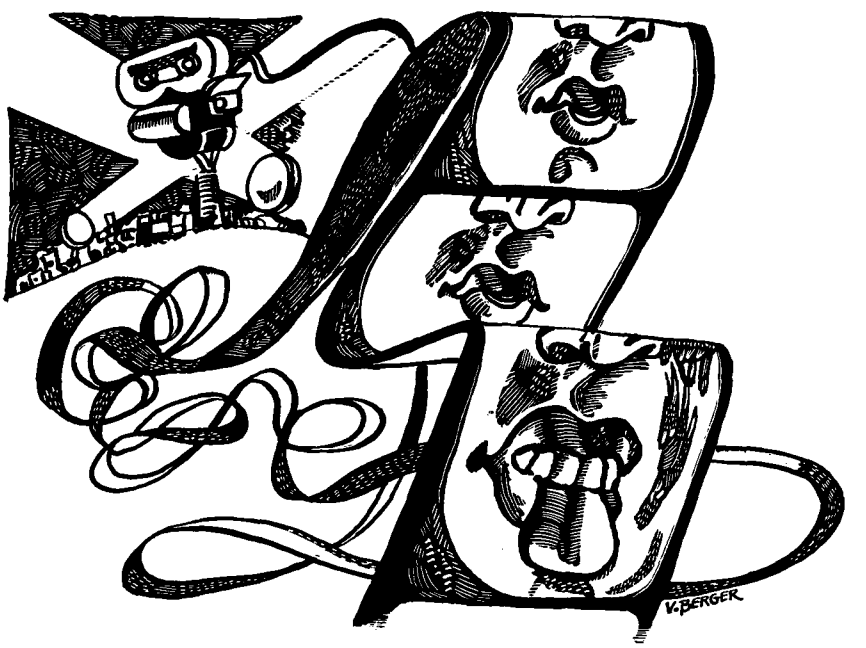
Oddly enough, MGM's attempt to woo both SDS and MRA with a quasi-comedy that asks the musical questions "How did Niven's bikini-clad daughter lose her virginity?" and "Did she actually carry a protest sign bearing *That* ****-Letter Word?" backfired. The Great Unwashed (most of whom are on the Left these days) ignored the picture; the Great Unread (movie critics) scored it; and the Great Unheeding (the movie-going public, what's left of it) went away. Whether anybody enjoyed *The Impossible Years* is a fine point, the resolution of which must await the day when movie theaters offer to refund the admission price of any customer who feels he didn't get his money's worth. Nevertheless, Hollywood is sure to respond as soon as it can find another pre-sold novel or play that confronts the subject in as forthright a manner.

MEANWHILE we'll have to make do with the likes of *if. . . .*, Lindsay Anderson's second feature film. His first, *This Sporting Life*, was distinguished by the virtues a man of Anderson's background would bring to it (his work as a film critic gave it a feeling for film tradition and rhythm, his documentary shorts accounted for nicely observed details, and his theater work helped him develop fine ensemble acting), plus a certain intelligent brutality. *if . . . .* possesses all this, and less. The intelligence is missing. It starts off like a nasty spoof of British public schools, but this terrain has been raked over so thoroughly on the playing fields of Ealing and Boulting that we begin to suspect Anderson of something more ambitious. Alas, yes. Ambitious and ambiguous. The film abruptly switches from color to black-and-white, and back again. Is the monochrome symptomatic (gray lives, bleak future) or the color symbolic (you know: neurosis is red, violence is blue)—or was the decision more financial than aesthetic?

One of the revolting seniors has a roadhouse scrape with a teen-age tigress who keeps showing up at irrational moments. Spirit of the Revolution—or script out of control? The tone veers from bitter, restrained satire to wild parody. The imposition of the surreal on the real—or direction out of control? *if. . . .* ends with a barrage of fantasy bullets and cinematic references. The climax of wish fulfillment —or a film out of breath, out of ideas, out of control? There's an irony here: that instead of the school falling apart, the film does, and that the picture's young revolutionaries are betrayed not by the script, conceived when its authors were teen-agers, but by the direction of a sympathetic middle-aged Macbeth. Anderson's ambition has killed the film. What could have been an anarchic work of art, if told realistically, was turned by the unnecessary shuffling of tenses, moods and colors into an elaborate but unsuccessful *coup*.

THERE'S NOTHING out of order in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, Jay Presson Allen's meticulous vulgarization of the Muriel Spark novella about a domineering and romantic Scottish school teacher. Would that there were! But Ronald Neame, its director, has been associated with the British Tradition of Quality for so long (he was Hitchcock's cameraman on the first British sound film, *Blackmail*, then cinematographer for *Major Barbara* and *In Which We Serve*, producer of *Great Expectations* and *Oliver Twist*, and director of *The Horse's Mouth*, *Tunes of Glory*, *The Chalk Garden* and *Gambit*) that no one could think that Neame would sign anything embarrassing, ambitious or personal. Besides, who'd dare to ask him? Every shot is so nicely composed, every *film bien-fait* rule is followed (occasionally to the destruction of Maggie Smith's powerful, if superficial performance) . . . even the requisite nude scene has Renaissance reverberations.

True, in this era of the grandoise and grotesque in film technique, Neame's orthodoxy almost amounts to a personal style. But, just as Lindsay Anderson's cold fury ultimately hurt *if . . . .*, so does Neame's surgical *sang-froid* dilute the immediate, though evanescent, force of *Brodie*. Unfortunately for Neame, progress in the arts is made by those who dare to offend, and thus expand, our sensibilities. Neame contracts them; he avoids the story's original conclusion, in which Brodie responded to the just but malicious



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treachery of her prize student by bicycling majestically into a nearby pond. I hear Neame murmuring, "That is a bit too sensational." So the movie just . . . ends. Still, most of *Brodie* is charming, colorful, precise and entertaining. They say that a good, but not great, wine is the perfect complement to a great meal; *Brodie* is the perfect way to cap supper at La Caravelle.

CHARLY, the last, least, and largest-grossing of the current student-teacher films, stars Cliff Robertson as a moron —that's a descriptive term, not a pejorative one; it refers to an adult whose mental age is seven-twelve years and whose IQ is 51-70, whereas an idiot has a mental age of one-three and an IQ of 0-25, and an imbecile a mental age of three-seven and an IQ of 26-50—who gains intellectual and emotional awareness through the wonders of modern science and Claire Bloom. Nearly everything about the movie is terrible. Stirling Silliphant's characters are unbelievably cruel or stupid (sometimes both), and his dialogue clinks with the earnest falseness of TV soap opera. Claire Bloom, condemned by Max Factor to wander with Audrey Hepburn, Jean Simmons and Jeanne Crain in the shadows of brittle middle age, seems resigned to looking like one of the Sinatras and acting like one of the King Sisters. Boston looks as awful as it did in *The Thomas Crown Affair*, and the color is a bleeding eyesore. Only Cliff Robertson, who also played the title role on TV, manages to lend any dignity to the debacle—and this despite his idea of portraying a moron, which is to do an impression of Elisha Cook Jr.

Charly is considered to be Robertson's project, but the debit really belongs to director-producer Ralph Nelson. Nelson has been perfecting his "touch"—the cinematic equivalent of being choked with marshmallows—ever since his first feature, *Requiem for a Heavyweight*, in which Anthony Quinn played a washed-up pug so dumb and defenseless that he couldn't help but win the affection of an audience nurtured to accept the oldest Hollywood ploy. This ploy, which plays on the viewer's self-deceit and conceit, teaches that the audience will empathize with any character it can look up to (Cary Grant), and sympathize with one it can look down on (Anthony Quinn). The audience is so arrogant that its members believe they are attractive enough to identify with a glib sophisticate, and warm-hearted enough to sympathize with a moronic fighter. In subsequent films, Nelson used Sidney Poitier (his affliction is negritude—but we know he's really Jamaican and, therefore, almost British) in *Lilies of the Field* and *Duel at Diablo*, and Steve McQueen and Jackie Gleason as "the sub-moron and the egghead" (Judith Crist's phrase) in *Soldier in the Rain*.

Charly is the sub-moron and the egghead in Cliff Robertson's body. At the start he is lovable, handsome and stupid. His "buddies" taunt him; his therapists deceive him. We know better: we love him. As a result of the operation, Charly rises to near genius level. Now he's lovable, handsome and intelligent. You see, we were right to love him—not because he was a taunted moron (and that's a pretty cheap way to get audience sympathy anyway), but because he's Cliff Robertson.

The movie ends on a suspended, slightly sour note (which, along with inappropriate and offensive artsy-clumsy split-screen effects, makes *Charly* "modern"), but it *has* been rewarded, with an Oscar from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences (for Robertson's performance) and boffo grosses from audiences, young and old alike. Ah well, nobody ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the American public, least of all the movie moguls who, setting John Q.'s IQ somewhere in the 51-70 range, have begun filming a musical remake of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. The generation gap may be as wide as the San Andreas Fault, but at Hollywood and Vine it's business as usual. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

AMERICAN POWER AND THE NEW MANDARINS, *by Noam Chomsky (Pantheon, $7.95)*. When a reviewer takes up a book denouncing America's Vietnam policy previously damned in public prints by Arthur Schlesinger, he has a right to expect the unusual. Indeed, for sheer hysterical irrationalism this volume is absolutely without peer among recent critiques of United States diplomacy. A few samples: our military effort in Vietnam is a "revolting and disgusting barbarism." The Pentagon is "the most hideous institution on this earth," and the United States stands convicted of "unconstrained viciousness" and "butchery." Indeed, American imperialism is distinguishable from that of Japan, Germany and the Soviet Union only because the policies of the latter were related in some measure to their national interest. There is no legitimate interest of any kind justifying our presence in Asia; not only is the Communist threat a self-serving myth, but in fact the United States and the Soviet Union are united in opposition to "popular revolution" around the world. Here Chomsky's own ideological predilections surface most directly: a self-professed admirer of Bakunin and of anarcho-syndicalism, he believes that all contemporary political institutions are evil, since they seek to maintain stability and protect the interests of elites, and thereby obstruct the effort of the "lower orders" to obtain social justice. In the course of his diatribe, Chomsky develops a cogent brief against the "new mandarins," the behavioral scientists and technocrats of contemporary liberalism, noting at length the extent to which their gnostic expectations concerning the world's future impede the formation of intelligent public policy. Fundamentally a romantic and a utopian, however, Chomsky has allowed his hatred for the evils of the world around him to destroy his capacity to draw relevant political and moral distinctions, and thus even his valid insights lose most of their force. But in the contest for The Most Alienated Intellectual of the Year Award, this book has done more than make Chomsky the winner: he must be judged the very apotheosis of the breed.

J. E. DORNAN JR.

THE CHINA CLOUD, *by William L. Ryan and Sam Summerlin (Little, Brown, $7.95)*. The authors, a pair of senior Associated Press reporters, have attempted to graft a Sunday-supplement type rundown on recent events on the China mainland onto a short account of the American training and career of Communist China's top missile expert. The first part in reality is an exercise in historical anti-McCarthyism. The subject is Tsein Hue-shen, a top Cal Tech aeronautical scientist, key adviser to the Air Force during and after World War II, and a recipient of various government service awards. In 1950 Tsein fell under suspicion due to his close associations with some members of the Communist Party's Cal Tech Unit 122. His eventual deportation from the U.S. meant that the Chinese Communists were gaining an acknowledged scientific genius. The authors of *The China Cloud* would have us conclude that U.S. concern with Communist infiltration led to the "astounding speed" with which China acquired a thermonuclear capability; but their chain of reasoning fails to hold water. If the story proves anything, it is only that most scientists tend to be incredibly naïve about politics and that most government bureaucrats are incredibly naïve about the dangers in deporting men such as Tsein.

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM

UNITED PRESS DISPATCH:

Governor Reagan joked to an auto industry group all was not fine in California and prayer wasn't helping. "The land is under water, the ocean is under oil, and the campuses are under siege. I got so discouraged I called dial-a-prayer and they hung up on me."

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COYNE
(cont. from p. 589)

there is no doubt that he wants us to view him as such, and despite what might lie beneath that image, it is a formidable and mysterious thing. At a meeting of the Washington Heights Chamber of Commerce last winter, Lindsay was given a standing ovation before and after his talk and booed during it. It is almost as if the hair, the eyes, the good physique are loved for themselves, independently of the being within them. And they will undoubtedly be his greatest asset in the upcoming campaign, perhaps his only asset.

John Lindsay's four years have been marked by failure and frustration, and one must wonder why he is willing to take four more years of the same. The answer, one suspects, is not just that he loves New York. When Nat Hentoff asks him why he would consider running again, his initial response is revealing: "Well," says the Mayor, "there is the question of how one keeps one's voice alive if one is not in office." Exactly. Eastern seaboard Republicanism will sooner or later decide it needs someone to put up against the last of the Kennedys, someone who can match that modern liberal image (Charles Percy is always available, of course, but Percy is short while Lindsay is tall). And there, Lindsay believes, will be the Mayor of New York, highly visible and ready to answer the call of his Party. (A Party, incidentally, which he takes pains not to mention in New York, where he is the darling of the Liberal Party.)

It has become fashionable these days to look at New York's problems (and the problems of all large cities) as inevitable, the current conditions being the product of some sort of evolutionary necessity. The city, this view holds, has evolved into an overspecialized organism which cannot help what it has become and must eventually, like the dinosaur, sink into some tar pit. And if we believe that the city is indeed the end product of evolutionary forces beyond our control, we must also believe that it is incapable of human governance. This is a convenient view, especially for politicians. They can manage thereby to side-step criticism of their administrations. If the city is a thing-in-itself, more than the sum total of its inhabitants, and if this thing-in-itself is the product of superhuman forces, then how can the administrators of this thing-in-itself be held responsible when it seems to behave in a way that defies human understanding?

A politician, accepting such a view, can claim credit for those things which go well and shrug off those which do not. Such is the rationale that is becoming acceptable in liberal circles, and such will be the rationale, one suspects, of many Lindsay supporters. He is, after all, the great white hope, the finest thing to come down the pike since Fiorello. John, John, he's their man. If he can't do it, nobody can. And so why not elect him again? No one can do better, if he doesn't succeed it's not his fault, and if we must go to the tar pit, let us at least go joyously, with a sense of style and a spirit of fun. □

CLINTON
(cont. from p. 595)

much impressed, as he seemed to be inspired. You may imagine that I shall treasure this picture as a precious relic."

It is only saints like Mother Cabrini *herself, for whose saintliness the Pope* and the Church have borne witness in a manner the theologians call "infallible," whose real existence the Catholic is *bound* to accept. Pius XI and Pius XII each added 32 to the list of these heroes, John XXIII added ten, and Paul VI, so far, has added 24 more. St. Christopher and St. Philomena were never "canonized," but they owe their popularity to a general belief which priests did not create and which priests, in all probability, will be powerless to destroy. It is unlikely that such pious associations as that of St.-Christophe-de-Jajolet will entirely wither away. This confraternity was founded in 1899 to foster devotion to St. Christopher among travelers and sports-car drivers. It has been eminently successful. It now claims 400,000 members. On January 1, 1964, Pope Paul VI was enrolled in it—most appropriately, in view of his constant journeys which began at that time—as No. 209,226 on their lists. The reorganization of the Church calendar happily leaves the Pope still free, like other Catholics, to pray to his patron, St. Christopher, and even, like other priests, to offer Mass in his honor if he should wish, even though this devotion is no longer an annual obligation of the Church. If anybody has a spare St. Christopher medal he should send it to the Holy Father, who will value it; and if anybody can locate Mother Cabrini's picture of St. Philomena, will you please send it to NATIONAL REVIEW? □

ROTHCHILD
(cont. from p. 594)

doesn't like. One of the most popular rock groups at universities is called "The Grateful Dead."

The same feeling of worthlessness exists in the heart of the executive who drinks two martinis to be able to face his day at the office. But his great compromises were made in a very different age, when economic necessities made it easier to accept the social role. Because of the student's independence, he perhaps feels freer to protest against such feelings. But whatever his actions, he generally thinks that the world he was brought up to live in is not the same as the world he will live in, and he, in his place of power and eminence on the American campus, is also at the height of his own helplessnesss. □

LETTERS
(cont. from p. 573)

But a magazine dedicated, amongst *its other passions, to a zeal for ethics*—even corporate ethics—ought not so casually to accept one side of a story (". . . CBS having dropped [the Smothers Brothers] for failing to deliver the tape of a show in time to be previewed by network executives and, uh, censors.") You are free to think us unfunny, but you are not free to engage in business libel. We delivered the tape in question on time; we have never been in breach of contract; and we advise you to retract the allegation that we did breach our contract.

That disposed of, isn't it compatible with sound conservative thinking that the authority to pass or censor a program, a skit or a remark should be situated as close to the viewer and as available to his reactions as is possible? This is one reason, of course, why we support affiliate as opposed to network censorship. Another is simply that it allows the creator the greatest number of opportunities to have his creation aired, untampered with. And finally, of course, the affiliate *is* the licensee—and will be around long after the network disappears about 1975 in a rising sea of CATV, communications satellites, Pay TV, NET, UHF and cartridge videotape.

Los Angeles Cal. TOM SMOTHERS

NR *has not alleged, nor does it now allege, that whatever the Smothers Brothers did or didn't do, is in violation, or not in violation, of the explicit or implicit terms of a contract, or gentlemen's agreement, NR has never seen, or heard. Concerning the point in the second paragraph,* NATIONAL REVIEW *concurs wholeheartedly.* —ED.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Making It With The BSU

On The Right

San Francisco, May 29—Twelve weary journalists gather at the dilapidated headquarters of the Black Students Union and sundry epigoni from San Francisco State College. On the walls are Black Panther posters, sample caption: "The racist dog policemen must withdraw immediately from our community. . . ." The students are very uptight (as they say), and are bent on doing their thing (as they say), to The Man (us).

As a matter of fact, it isn't the journalists who are the principal oppressors. "You are no more the cats who run this country than we are," one leader dismissed us. "Who runs this country is the capitalist exploiters." For those who tuned in late, journalists write not what they feel, not what they see, but what it is necessary to write in order to make credible the hypocrisies, and make secure the power of—The Structure.

Who is The Structure? The only one given by name by these students of higher education is Standard Oil. Why don't the oppressed buy shares of Standard Oil? The question isn't raised: we are there to listen, not to debate.

But very soon we were ticked off one by one and challenged. Did you have anything to do with the story in the *Wall Street Journal* about me? I'd beat you up personally if you did. . . . Did you, NBC, have a hand in the broadcasts distorting our positions? You —*Ebony*—go back and tell your slavemaster to cover some of our activities over here. You, *Newsweek*, what do you consider a relevant education? Answer, and don't give us no - - - -.

THE LADY GUIDE from the Urban League intervened, and asked for a little order. She is shouted down as a slut agent of The Structure. *Newsweek* says no, he doesn't believe education is necessarily relevant at this point—he is interrupted: make a commitment, and cut out the - - - -. *Life* Magazine, what are you doing about racism, which is the necessary companion of capitalism? What am *I* doing, *Life* collapses in indignation, why I all but wrote the Kerner Report you just finished praising! No excuses, *Life*—make a commitment. You, *New York Times*, are you willing to make a commitment RIGHT NOW to the seven hundred students busted at San Francisco? The *New York Times* demurs—he doesn't know all the facts, how can he be expected to make a commitment? Typical fascist evasion.

The *Christian Science Monitor* leans over and whispers what the hell, let's get out of here. Not that easy. We are surrounded by revolutionaries. They have several times informed us that they are just about through with us, because they don't want to waste their time - - - - ing around with us: but prudence suggests that one wait until the king withdraws.

Abruptly, the chairman calls the meeting ended, and the journalists peel away, after a few comments with the students individually, rather than *en banc*, at which meetings the inquisitors elide into naturalness, even as the hanging judges were said to do after their official business was done.

The next day, Bobby Seale, head of the Black Panthers, and his lieutenants. We arrive dutifully, and are met on a sidewalk by a representative of the chairman: "The meeting has been called off. By order of the chairman. You may as well disperse." Well, indeed we may just as well, and off we trudge to the bus, no mention made at this point about discourtesy—we don't notice it if the hangman splits an infinitive.

In the bus, a messenger. The chairman is willing to negotiate (the Panthers are mellowing?) a cash price for the privilege of interviewing them. A quick plebiscite. *Life* Magazine, who is a natural leader, says: there are three alternatives. 1) individual option, 2) negotiate, 3) cut out. By a vote of 2-3-6, we decide to go. But the driver's delay in getting off gave time for a second messenger from the chairman: he would consent to see one of us without pay, and to discuss the price of seeing the rest of us at that session. But the time was gone, and we head out for an engagement with Ron Karenga in Los Angeles, who, it now appears, will be kept waiting as a result of the materialist preoccupations of the chairman of the Black Panthers. □

UP FROM WATTS

Watts, June 2—"There are four men," said the short middle-aged Negro who had lived there for 23 years, "who can decide whether to begin or to terminate a riot in Watts, and all four of them are in this room." Along with fifty or sixty other residents of Watts, a dozen journalists were there to ask questions while eating supper. I asked one of the four whether the assessment was correct; he hesitated, and said yes, it was correct. Well, why didn't you stop the big riot of 1965? Because he didn't want to, he said: there were injustices to be shriven by fire. Whose injustices? The usual injustices, but also injustices administered by black exploiters, whose buildings were among the first to go down in flames.

As almost everywhere else, the black leaders here are bright, passionate, a little cynical, greatly talented. One of them gave up a job as a landscape engineer to join the Watts development group; another had been an aeronautical engineer. Proud men, who knew they had made it in the competitive world, who could accordingly move in the ghetto world without anyone's suspecting that they turned to social work because the marketplace had no room for them.

Oh how they had desired a victory for Mr. Bradley over Mr. Yorty! Mr. Yorty, one of them said, had waged the most vicious campaign in history. Reflect. That isn't merely black-talk. About what election haven't we heard the same kind of thing? In fact, Bradley's supporters stressed that he is black, even as some of Yorty's supporters stressed that he was white. More whites voted for Bradley, than blacks for Yorty. But the blacks need their victories, even as the Irish in Boston needed theirs and the Jews in New York City.

The dawning consciousness of the political way up the ladder is racing through the ghettos. Strategically it may be dangerous, since the temptation is

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universal to substitute political for economic means of self-aggrandizement; but tactical rewards in human pride and faith in the political system are considerable.

Also in Los Angeles there is Ron Karenga, the head of an organization called US, the meaning of which is kept obscure, even as the meaning of much of what Karenga does is kept obscure. Occasionally, his critics observe, he finds it necessary, in order to establish his seriousness, to have somebody killed. It is formally alleged that his followers are responsible for the killing of two Black Panthers at UCLA a few months ago in the course of a power struggle.

Mr. Karenga, who affects the manners of an Oriental satrap and appears in his tabernacle under circumstances of maximum pomp, preceded by incense and incantation, would smile inscrutably and change the subject. He prefers to speak most genially about his philosophy, which is composed of agglutinations of social clichés, neatly and amusingly strung together. He gets a headmaster's reception. His disciples on either flank laugh adoringly at every witticism, including not a few which are stillborn.

On his right is his extravagantly beautiful wife. On his left a handsome sixteen-year-old in a warrior's stance, his lips fiercely contrived into a permanently menacing mold, who during the whole hour that the savior speaks moves not a muscle, not a nerve.

MR. KARENGA intersperses his sociopolitical badinage with here and there a Swahili word, even as the greetings are in Swahili. There was one lexicographical revelation of extraordinary interest. Mr. Karenga referred to one of his concepts as "kawaida." "That," he explained matter-of-factly, "is Swahili for 'neo-traditionalism.'" Catch those Swahili reactionaries!

A confidence man? There is much of that, and by no means all the blacks in Los Angeles take him seriously, though they do not disparage one another. They feel the sense of community, the sense of common purpose. The Structure, the omnipresent, accursed, obstinate, filthy rich, miserly, racist Structure is the common enemy. They struggle with it in their own way, some choosing the superstitious neononsense of Ron Karenga, others the hard-headed wiry idealism of Ted Watkins and Henry Talbert and Duane West of Watts. They make one feel, on the whole, terribly glad for the resources of the human spirit, and altogether convinced they are, many of them, engaged in efforts which distinguish the best that the white men did, under other circumstances, in California a century and more ago. □

TOUR'S END

New York, June 6—The end of a tour that took the traveling journalists to Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles and Washington. They gathered around Whitney Young to exchange impressions, en route to a debriefing with Patrick Moynihan (who, in the service of Richard Nixon, reminds us that we must always allow for late vocations) and other important officials. As in any human situation, the conclusions drawn by the participants differed.

My own, drastically truncated:

1) Leaders of the Negro community must learn to say no to their own. Not a single black organization disavowed the strike or the tactics of the Black Students Union of San Francisco State. Roy Wilkins and Bayard Rustin have shown a monumental courage by denouncing the firebrands—they must be encouraged in their temperance. Too many black leaders now feel towards any other black leader the way the Communists felt towards Stalin: his will was theirs. White "understanding" of this phenomenon is a form of condescension: it might even be called racist.

2) There is universal distrust of the police. One grants—must grant—exaggeration: even so, there is an ugly residue. "You see over there," a black guide in Forest Park in Chicago pointed to a policeman walking away from a ghetto grocery shop laden down with a shopping bag. "It's this simple. The cops don't raid the store, which is also a bookie joint, and they get free groceries." A good freemarket arrangement, except that the police are supposed to defend the law.

In San Francisco, a black man of all trades is stopped by a policeman who visibly reacts to his bizarre costume—turtleneck, beads, beard, the works. "Let me see your license." He hands it over. The policeman pockets it. "I said let me see your license." "I just gave it to you." He is arrested for driving without a license. Paul Goodman has said that it is wrong to have policemen who are agents of an alien value system: that the laws of the ghetto ought to be made by the ghetto and enforced by the ghetto. The impracticality of Goodman's insight oughtn't to distract from its acuity. Major, deep reforms are necessary.

3) The nature of "democratic participation" needs to be refined. It has become a slogan, and every man is permitted, indeed encouraged, to "do his thing," a term which after hearing it one thousand times, begins to cloy. G. K. Chesterton wrote a half century ago that men should be free to be their own potty little selves. But doing one's thing is too often regarded in the ghetto as the freedom to express oneself at the very direct expense of others.

We did not meet anyone who went so far as to say, for example, that Sirhan Sirhan was merely doing his thing, but the idea of authority, the idea of self-denial, is evanescent in the culture of the ghetto. Another job for black leaders, to restore the prestige of authority, whether defined as political authority, or the authority of standards.

4) What is the nature of racism? I do believe that the man was never born who is not a racist under one of the definitions so freely used in the ghetto. A favorite maxim is that "capitalism is racist." Once again, unintentionally imbedded in that phrase, is a form of racism: the notion that black entrepreneurs cannot produce a successful mousetrap. Why can't they? The answer is that of course they can, and the ancillary superstition that it is exploitative of the people to produce a moustrap cheaper than the one which people are currently buying is one of those delusions of socialism on which people have wasted their energy and spirit for years.

Quick, before it hardens, black leaders should point out that if one is serious about abolishing poverty, one should encourage the preservation of economic institutional arrangements which have graduated more people out of poverty than any other arrangement in the history of the world.

5) The quality and the energy—and the charm—of the black leaders in all of these cities is a major marvel: a quite extraordinary cultural and ethnic achievement. Anyone expecting to hear better speech, better organized ideas, greater enthusiasm, in the graduate schools of the Ivy League, has a pleasant surprise coming to him. The black people, graduates of ghetto schools, in some cases graduates of no schools, through their wit and grace, singing their song in a strange land, have made a triumphant entry upon the scene. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (below) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in below, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 608 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

			1 D	2 M	3 Q	4 F	5 I		6 X	7 C	8 A	9 T		10 M		11 B	12 J	13 G	14 E
15 D	16 M	17 F		18 Q	19 X	20 K		21 E	22 Q	23 M	24 B	25 C	26 F	27 T	28 G	29 A		30 X	31 T
32 H	33 Q	34 F	35 I	36 D		37 N	38 U	39 C	40 P	41 D	42 S	43 T	44 B		45 L	46 V		47 C	48 T
49 B		50 W	51 T	52 Q	53 E		54 M	55 V	56 W	57 T	58 X	59 H	60 J		61 M	62 X	63 U		64 M
65 O	66 X		67 A	68 N	69 C	70 X	71 U		72 B	73 J	74 C	75 K		76 B	77 Q		78 F	79 T	80 R
81 U	82 E		83 Q	84 D	85 U	86 G	87 I	88 O	89 J		90 D	91 P		92 U	93 Q	94 T		95 M	96 F
97 K	98 R		99 H	100P	101C	102B	103F		104T	105V	106W	107D	108X	109A	110Q		111D	112M	
113P		114O	115B	116U	117R	118S	119J		120M	121K	122H		123S	124V	125T	126B	127Q		128M
129B	130Q		131I	132K	133N	134T	135S	136D		137M	138C	139D		140J	141M	142K	143D	144W	145N
146S	147R		148D	149E	150H	151N	152R	153G		154H	155L		156V	157P	158J	159I	160H	161F	162G
163U	164T		165W		166F	167A	168E	169X	170T	171V	172U		173C	174K	175A		176C	177F	178U
	179K	180G	181U	182N		183V	184R		185L	186K	187C		188U	189V	190W	191G	192K	193L	194W
195J		196P	197V		198I	199J	200U		201H	202L	203E	204D	205O	206A	207S		208N	209L	
210J	211U	212I	213W	214X	215O	216N		217X	218L	219U	220W		221S	222F	223P	224X			

DEFINITIONS

A. The oldest university in the U. S.
8 109 175 67 167 206 29

B. A university in Georgia
24 129 11 44 72 76 102 126 115 49

C. Secluded
39 25 47 7 173 176 138 187 69 74 101

D. An ingrain carpet named after the town in Worcestershire where first made
143 90 107 136 139 148 1 111 204 15 36 41 84

E. Struck with a dull sound of heavy impact
168 53 203 21 14 149 82

F. A college in Brownwood, Texas
177 4 78 96 103 161 166 222 17 26 34

G. Plants used for salads
180 13 191 162 86 28 153

H. A university in New York City
201 122 59 32 99 150 160 154

I. Town in Palo Alto County, Iowa
5 212 198 131 159 87 35

J. Saul's son and successor
12 60 73 140 158 195 199 210 89 119

K. A college in Pennsylvania
20 121 132 142 75 186 97 174 179 192

L. A pitch (baseball)
45 193 155 218 202 209 185

M. A college in Georgia
54 2 10 16 112 23 61 64 95 120 128 137 141

N. A large floodlight having a single bulb (*Theat.*)
68 145 133 37 151 182 208 216

O. Neatly smart in dress or appearance
88 65 205 215 110

P. The labor and pain of childbirth
91 157 100 223 113 196 40

Q. Any of several low, scrophulariaceous herbs of the genus Gratiola
93 22 33 52 77 18 3 114 127 130 83

R. As much as one can or wants to see
98 147 117 184 80 152

S. A college in Pennsylvania (followed by State)
118 221 135 123 42 146 207

T. An institution of higher learning in Yellow Springs, Ohio
125 9 31 51 57 27 48 43 79 104 134 94 164 170

U. A college southeast of Nashville (followed by State)
211 38 63 71 81 85 92 116 163 172 178 181 188 200 219

V. A university whose president later became governor, then president of the U. S.
156 171 105 46 55 124 189 183 197

W. The situation on the campuses can be described as:
190 106 50 144 165 213 194 56 220

X. A college in California (followed by State)
30 19 62 6 58 66 70 108 169 214 217 224

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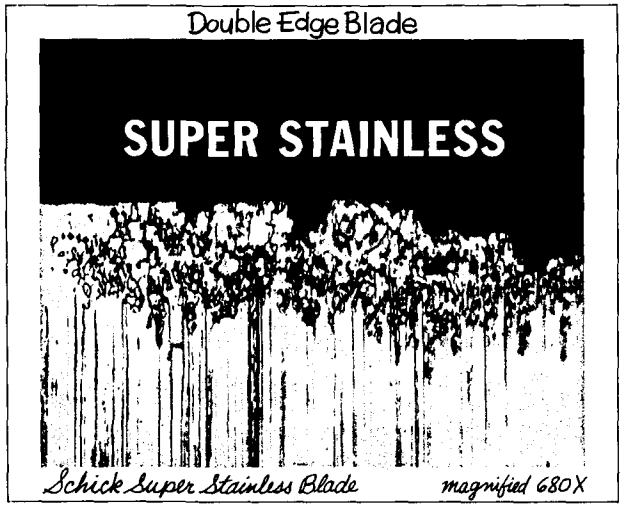
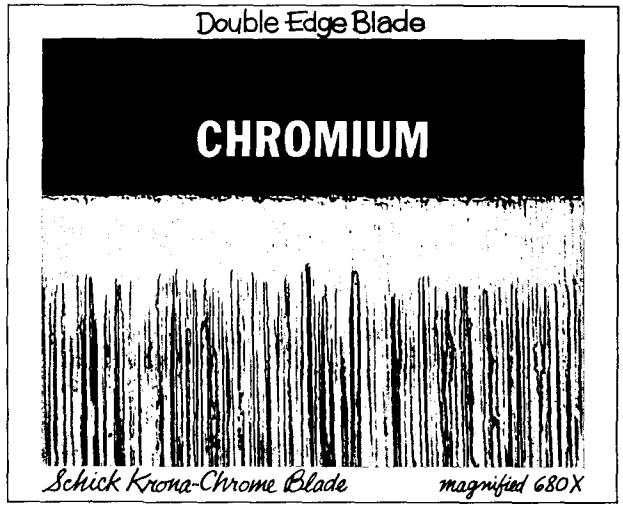
Schick® chromium out-shaves and outlasts any super stainless

(even our own)



Super stainless is not complete protection against corrosion. This, for instance, is a corroded section of a plastic-coated Schick super stainless edge after five shaves, magnified 680 times. It's rough, pitted, corroded.



This is a section of the new plastic-coated Krona-Chrome chromium edge after five shaves, magnified 680 times. As you can see, chromium more effectively resists blade breakdown due to corrosion.

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A lot of guys would be better off getting neckties for Father's Day.

We happen to think that a bottle of Bourbon makes a great Father's Day gift. Particularly if that Bourbon is ours—Beam's Choice.

But right now we'd rather talk about those fathers who'd be better off getting nothing to drink at all. The ones who haven't yet learned to handle their liquor.

You may wonder why something like overindulgence upsets us—we who are in the business of selling as much Bourbon as we can.

For one thing, a lot of pride goes into the making of Beam's Choice.

Our recipe dates back to 1795. More than a century before Father's Day was invented. Our aging process takes 8 long years. Then we charcoal filter every drop.

So you can imagine how we feel about the man who gulps down our Bourbon instead of savoring it. Much the way a great chef feels when he sees his prize souffle being salted, peppered and ketchupped to death.

But pride isn't the only reason we hate to see a man drink too much of our Bourbon.

We make Beam's Choice for grownups. Rational, sensible adults who appreciate the better things and have learned how to enjoy them.

And we're just as concerned about our product falling into the hands of an irresponsible adult as we are about it falling into the hands of a minor.

We hope that on this Father's Day a lot of fathers, grandfathers and husbands are lucky enough to receive a bottle of Beam's Choice from their loved ones.

And we also hope that the bunch who would be better off with no Beam's Choice at all, are loved enough not to get any.

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